

The Nation.

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The Week.

In one way or another, and notably through an interview with Mr. Evarts, the report has been corrected that the President meant to abandon his "policy" at the South. He denies very properly that he has any policy at the South, or ever had. It seems impossible to get it into the heads of some of the people who write on this subject that the President's business is to execute laws, and not to right wrongs and succor the oppressed. If there be any law which directs him to keep an army in the South and superintend the working of Southern politics, his attention ought to be called to it and he ought to be impeached for disregarding it. If there be not, there ought to be an end of the nonsense which is talked about his "abandonment" of Southern Republicans. Those who dislike the way the Southern Democrats are dealing with the negro vote—and which is largely a copy of Republican tricks during the carpet-bag period—ought to propose some means of preventing it, in the shape either of an act of Congress or an amendment to the Constitution. There is a law now which directs the President to prosecute persons for interference with voters at Federal elections, and this we believe he is faithfully executing; but when he has done this he has done all that a constitutional officer can do. Any one who desires to govern the South by martial law, in defiance of the Constitution, ought to come out and say so like a man, instead of cursing and grumbling under his breath about "betrayal" and "desertion."

The New York *Tribune* recently sent down a correspondent of well-merited reputation for accuracy and impartiality, Mr. Z. L. White, to South Carolina to report on the state of things there. He began at Kingstree, where is the residence of Swails, the colored politician who has been driven from his home by a Democratic committee. Mr. White narrates that in the belief of the negroes they all voted the Republican ticket, but somehow their votes did not count. Instead, however, of also reporting that the whites passed their time killing blacks and drawing up "rebel claims" against the Government, he relates that the first thing he saw on going into the street from the hotel was the return of the children from school; first the white boys and girls, and "following soon after them the colored children, thirty or forty of them, intelligent-looking, well-dressed, decorously-behaved, carrying their satchels and books," which he well remarks "would at one time have been a strange sight in South Carolina." The principal of the colored school he found to be "a Southern man, and something of an enthusiast in his calling." He heard a good deal of strong Democratic talk from the editor of the local paper, a lively young man named Brady, of "small mental calibre," but then on the following day, riding out from the town, he found "that more than half the land for the first eight miles, on both sides of the road, and within one or two miles of it, had been purchased by negroes during the past five or six years, and that most of it had been paid for." They own farms of from twenty to two hundred acres, and "cultivate them fairly," raising all the Southern crops, and, as his negro driver told him, "live as happy as a big sunflower." Facts like these do not excuse ballot-stuffing, but they show that the agencies which everywhere else make cheating and intimidation difficult or impossible are at work in South Carolina, and will before long bear fruit.

Mr. White found plenty of evidence of fraud and intimidation, and found the story of the expulsion of Swails, the colored politician, from his home to be very much the same as has been told at the North. But he found also that, "unfortunately for the Repub-

lian party in South Carolina, very few of its members who have been prominent in politics during the last seven or eight years have escaped being tarred with the same stick that besmeared every one who had any connection with the Scott or Moses government." "Mr. Swails," he adds, "has not escaped suspicion. He has been accused of having profited by the Land Commission swindle, and when Governor Hampton was here he charged him directly with having been bribed in connection with the printing bill, and produced original documents which seemed to prove the accusation. I express no opinion with regard to these matters." Swails is a colored carpet-bagger from the North. Mr. White must not be so modest and timid about corruption when he is so bold and self-reliant about intimidation and ballot-stuffing. Nothing is more entertaining than the difference of mental attitude of the Republican press about Southern "stories," according to the source from which they come. The Bollandist Fathers are not more credulous than they about the doings of the Rille Clubs, no matter who reports them, while a charge of swindling against the Carpet-bag statesmen is met with a stern scepticism worthy of Huxley, mingled with a most respectable dislike of tattle about other people's affairs.

The methods which the Southern Democrats are charged with using in the late elections have received their most detailed illustration in the suit brought in New Orleans in the Sixth District Court by the Citizens Conservatives' committee to contest the election of their opponents for city offices. It charges that numerous false registration papers were issued and voted on; that the registration papers of men who had changed their residence or had died were voted on; that well-known Republicans were refused the right to vote, others having been allowed to vote in their name previously; that challenges were not noticed; that names on ballots were changed in the count; that the ballot-boxes were stuffed after the polls were closed; that there was violence at the polls, and numberless informalities in the official conduct of the election—all of which, and much more, is set forth minutely with names and places specified. In South Carolina the charges which were early reported have received some confirmation from the reports of the supervisors which have been printed, and are limited to obstructing the United States officers in the discharge of their duty in such a way as to interfere with their guarding the purity of the vote and actually witnessing ballot-stuffing and "repeating," of the commission of which crimes, however, the election returns themselves show evidence. In only one case has it been charged that any violence was used toward these officers. In Florida there seems to have been an attempt to elect the Democratic Congressman in the Second District by throwing out the returns of three precincts of Alachua County, but the Supreme Court of the State has issued an alternative mandamus, on motion of the Republican candidate, to compel the Canvassing Board to canvass these precincts, and the case is not yet decided. There have been some further arrests in South Carolina, but it will be impossible to discover the truth until the cases come to trial.

Lord Salisbury has replied to Mr. Evarts's proposal that the British Government should decline to receive the award of the Fisheries Commission, and takes the ground that it cannot be considered excessive, considering that the Canadian counsel claimed \$15,000,000; that even if it were proper, which it would not be, for Great Britain as one of the litigants to revise the proceedings, and thus constitute herself a court of appeal in her own cause, there was no time to do so in the interval between the receipt of Mr. Evarts's despatch and the date fixed for the payment of the money; that the plea that the decision ought to have been made by a unanimous court is not supported by usage in such cases, or by the text-books;

that the failure of the Treaty of Washington to provide expressly for a majority decision, as it did in other cases, is due to the fact that in the other cases numerous findings had to be made over a long period, and to avoid inconvenience and delay it was necessary that in each case a majority should be sufficient; that in this case there was only one judgment to be rendered; that anyhow the appointment of an umpire would have been useless, if either the American or the British judge could prevent a decision by his veto, and that no tribunal constituted as this one was is ever called on for unanimity, because this would probably make all litigation before it fruitless.

The award, it is settled, will be paid on the day named. There never was any honorable way to avoid it, and while it was but right to call the attention of the British Government to the enormity of the sum and suggest a voluntary reduction of the amount, and to give notice that it would not be accepted as a basis for a renewal of the Convention, it was unfortunate that the unanimity objection was ever made, because it helps to discredit all arbitration and to make the machinery deliberately created by the two Governments in the present case look a little ridiculous. If two arbitrators, respectively representing the parties, and an umpire have all to agree in order to decide, the umpire's position is plainly absurd, and the case is really referred to the representative of one of the two litigants.

The silver craze appears likely to take a new form, in the shape of war on the banks for refusing to treat silver as money of account. An article in the Chicago *Tribune*, the only prominent paper which shows no symptom of recovery from the malady of last year, berates the New York Clearing-House severely, and threatens that the next Congress will punish the banks by compelling them to redeem their notes in gold, forgetting that the sinners can evade this trouble by surrendering their circulation altogether, which to the city banks is of little moment. It also threatens them with the loss of their charters, with popular indignation, and other Gaucho vengeance. It says it is a lie that silver is not as good as gold, because the silver *now* in circulation is at par with gold; alleges that \$300,000,000 of silver can be maintained at par with gold, thus tacitly admitting that if we coin silver *ad libitum* it will not stay at par with gold, and claims exclusive prophecy rights in the whole matter; says we shall not be at a disadvantage in our foreign trade, even if silver is depreciated below the standard of the rest of the world and fluctuates in value; and asserts, with the usual gravity of the insane, that English trade with India "has not been disturbed" by the fall in silver. The whole article is a sad and yet entertaining exposition of Gaucho finance, but it is worth attention because it foreshadows another acute attack of mania in Washington next winter. The Cincinnati *Commercial* seems to have partly recovered; it has no more "Silver articles," but occasional little Gaucho paragraphs abusing and threatening the banks.

In the financial markets the week has been uneventful. Money in London fell to 4½ to 4¾ per cent. for discounts; but the Bank of England, although increasing its reserve from 34½ to 38½ per cent., did not reduce its discount rate—6 per cent. In New York there was little or no change in the money market. Gold, however, fell to 100 to 100½ per cent., with sales at 100½, the premium being less than the regular commission of brokers for selling gold. The action of the Clearing-House Association respecting silver was well received here. Silver was very steady during the week, both here and in London. The German Government is credited with having made sales of £350,000 at 50½d. Our Government bought at Washington some silver, but the secrecy with which its operations are surrounded makes it impossible to say what the amount was or what was the price paid. At the close of the week the bullion value of the 412½-grain dollar was \$0.8546. The Treasury called in for redemption another \$5,000,000 of 5-20 6 per cents—making \$85,000,000 called in this year and redeemed, or to be redeemed, with the proceeds of sales of 4 per cents.

There are numerous signs that Congress will be urged with unusual vigor at the next session to transfer the care of the Indians to the War Department. General Sheridan's report, which we lately summarized, was manifestly intended as an argument in favor of this change, and General Sherman's is found to reinforce it. The latter holds that the Indians can be converted from nomadic to pastoral habits only by force, "because persuasion is wasted on an Indian." The constraint will not be the same in every case, he says, because tribes differ in docility, and each one must be dealt with according to its nature, and not by any fixed rule laid down for all the Indians. "There must not only be a show of force, but actual force and subjection used." He repeats General Sheridan's statement that the Cheyenne outbreak was due to starvation, but Secretary Schurz asserts, with evidence, that the raiding Cheyennes were well fed at the agency, and left it supplied with subsistence, and he has called upon General Sheridan to make good his charges against the present conduct of the Indian Bureau. It is natural that army officers, compelled to resist constant outbreaks with insufficient forces, should fancy they could manage the affair better than civilians; but they miss the real source of all the trouble, which is Congress, incapable alike of any far-seeing, thorough policy concerning the Indians and of sincere intentions towards them. Niggardly appropriations are not the cause of so much mischief as the inexcusable delays in making them. The Indian budget, on which depend not merely the salaries of officials but the lives of men, women, and children, the peace of the far West, and the fortunes of our little army, is regularly treated as a political measure, and, instead of being promptly voted at the beginning of the session, is postponed to the end, along with those over which political differences may properly arise. This is eminently one of the abuses which the admission of Cabinet officers to the floor of Congress might remove or greatly mitigate.

The regular or "Abbott" Democrats of the city of Boston have nominated for the approaching municipal contest the former mayor, Mr. F. O. Prince, whose conduct of the office was so unsatisfactory that the Republicans were able to defeat him under the lead of Mr. Pierce. That this success could be repeated would be improbable even with the same excellent candidate, but Mr. Pierce declines a renomination, and the Republicans were some 3,000 votes behind in the recent State election. There is, therefore, every reason to expect that Mr. Prince will resume his place, and that with him will begin again those practices which are in perfect accord with Butlerism, even if not carried on in his name and under his auspices. The defeat of "Beacon Street" and "State Street" in this field is the only consolation left the Essex statesman. He knows well enough that the extraordinary vote he commanded in the State at large is as unsubstantial as Horace Greeley's at the South for President. The Republican nomination is not yet made.

The theft of Mr. A. T. Stewart's body from his grave is hardly surprising in view of the extraordinary influence his career has exercised on the imagination of the generation which witnessed its close. Probably no man who has appeared in America within the present century has roused such a spirit of emulation, owing to the fact that he made his fortune in a pursuit in which vast numbers of ambitious and not very well trained men are engaged, and by the display of qualities which no dry-goods man had much difficulty in believing himself to possess. He died, too, with the reputation of possessing enormous wealth, and yet without having won much personal reverence or respect, while he left hundreds, if not thousands, filled with a feverish desire to get some of his money by any means fair or foul. The number of persons who have tried their ingenuity on his widow and Judge Hilton with claims of one sort or another is said to be very great, though perhaps not greater than that of those who tried to extract money from him while he was living by every variety of false pretence. The desecration of his grave is a last attempt to put him to ransom, and is in a measure explained by the sensation the affair has excited and the amount of space the press

gives to it. It is not surprising that under the circumstances a guard has had to be placed over Mr. Vanderbilt's remains. In fact, considering the disgusting and prolonged prominence given by the newspapers to the history of *his* last illness, the revolting minuteness with which the reporters were allowed to describe his ailments, and the still more revolting conflict over his property in the courts, the wonder is that some wretch has not thought before now of robbing his tomb also. It has been well said that not only the living but the dead die, "etiam pereunt ruine." But it appears as if this was not going to be true of our millionaires: their dead live on to be a stimulus to brutal cupidity.

The situation in Turkey can hardly be said to have improved. The Porte has accepted with some modifications the English project of reform for Asia Minor, which consists in the formation of a gendarmerie, the supervision of the tax collection by Europeans, and a change in the judiciary, the nature of which is not yet very clear. But in Europe trouble seems to grow. Prince Dondakoff Korsakoff, who was left in charge of the new Bulgaria, came down into Eastern Rumelia, and, without waiting for the International Commission which was charged by the Berlin Treaty with the organization of the province, went to work and organized it himself, providing it with a full administrative machinery and a Russian general as governor, all the while speaking of the Berlin Treaty as a rather foolish affair invented by Lord Beaconsfield, to which it was not necessary to give much attention. In fact, he designated its arrangements as "grotesque." When leaving Philippopolis to go back to Bulgaria he received a warm address from the Bulgarian notables, thanking him for all he had done for them, and protesting in strong language against being separated from northern Bulgaria. In his reply he gave them every encouragement to believe that the separation was merely temporary. The general result was that when the Commission arrived they found their work done for them to the satisfaction of the inhabitants, though on a strictly Russian model, and that the kind of organization they were directed to create, on the basis of Turkish law, would be odious, and, moreover, that the people looked on them as intruders. There was, in fact, nothing left for them to regulate but the finances. It becomes, indeed, more and more likely that before the Russian forces leave Eastern Rumelia—that is, six months hence—the division will, by hook or crook, have been wiped out.

In the meantime the insurrection in Macedonia grows and spreads, and is being fed from Bulgaria by Russian volunteers; the Russians are still massing troops in Turkey proper, and there is apparently no remedy for the disorders. The English Jingoes are justly indignant, but there is no way in which they can call Russia to account. They believe she is fomenting the Macedonian rebellion, but they cannot prove it. If they ask her why she keeps troops in Turkey, she says she has the right to do so until her differences with the Porte are settled, these being differences which the Berlin Treaty expressly excepted from its operation. If they ask her why she continues to occupy Rumelia, she replies that the term of occupation fixed for her by the Treaty of Berlin does not expire for six months yet. If they threaten her, which they are just now careful not to do, she begins to move "a column" towards Afghanistan. The situation is a most perplexing one, and is making great havoc with the Beaconsfield Ministry. It is a sign of the times that the London correspondent of the *World*, Mr. L. J. Jennings, formerly a warm admirer of the Earl, a few days ago acknowledged his utter failure and the gradual loss of his popularity.

The Amir of Afghanistan returned an evasive and impudent reply to the first communication to him, which set the blood of all the Anglo-Indians boiling, and they were for instant war and asked leave to declare it; but the Ministry in England, feeling already the horrible weight of the Turkish protectorate, were afraid to push matters to extremities, and directed Lord Lytton to give the Amir another chance by sending him an ultimatum, a step which appears, if one may judge from the telegrams to the press, to have made the

Indian Government furious, as likely to be taken as a sign of timidity and to make operations before winter impossible. The Liberals are, of course, making full use of the situation. Mr. Gladstone has pointed out most effectively, in a speech in Wales, the contrast between the condition in which the Liberals left the relations of India with the Amir and that into which the Tory policy has plunged them. Sir William Harcourt, too, in an address at Scarborough, has poured out on them one of the most savage and effective pieces of political criticism we have ever read, and has followed it up with a letter to the *Times*, pointing out, protocol in hand, apresos of recent efforts of the Government to get Germany and Austria to remonstrate with Russia on her manner of executing the Treaty of Berlin, that Prince Gortchakoff actually proposed at the Congress that the execution of the Treaty should be placed under the joint guarantee of the Powers, and that Lord Salisbury fought the proposal tooth and nail and defeated it. He naturally, after this, treats the two British negotiators as dunderheads, who have not sense enough to conceal their folly after they have themselves perceived it.

Lord Beaconsfield, however, shows no loss of self-confidence and no sign that he has been impressed by the Liberal invectives against him. Lord Lawrence, probably the highest living authority on Anglo-Indian affairs, who administered the Punjab during the mutiny, and kept it quiet, has been arguing strongly in the *Times* against the Afghan War, and has lately, with a number of other prominent men, formed a committee to agitate for the meeting of Parliament, and asked for an interview with the Premier to present their views, which, considering who they are and that Parliament is not sitting, was a very reasonable request. But he curtly refused it, and intimated moreover that he would stand on the letter of the law organizing the Government of India, and communicate to Parliament whatever needed to be said at the proper time—that is, within a month after it meets; or, in other words, after the war has begun. This ill-concealed indifference to the opinions of the legislature, and bold straining of the prerogatives of the Crown, are probably the rock on which the Ministry will finally split. The House of Commons has supported it well so far, but has a good deal of self-esteem, and will not stand snubbing indefinitely, even to avoid a dissolution.

The attempted assassination of Emperor Wilhelm, followed not long ago by a like attempt on the King of Spain, has now been imitated in Italy. On Sunday, as King Humbert was making a formal entry into Naples, a young man named Passanante, whose occupation is that of a cook, thrust at him with a dagger, and slightly wounded him in the left arm. The king at once struck his assailant with his sheathed sword, and Signor Cairoli, who sat in the same carriage, promptly grappled with Passanante and received a wound of little consequence in the thigh. The assassin was secured, and turns out to be an amateur regicide, with no grievance of his own, and a member of the Internationals. How deeply the poison of their infernal doctrines has worked in Italy is shown by what happened in Florence, where, in a procession celebrating the King's happy escape, a bomb was thrown among a corps of veterans, and, exploding, killed several. These events will be regarded as a practical commentary on Cairoli's speech at Pavia, and the Premier's bravery in defending his sovereign will hardly save him from fresh censure for his assertion of the right of voluntary association in Italy. Every day the newspapers report the formation or the murderous resolutions of some *Circolo Borsanti* (Borsanti was a private who killed his superior officer), and these clubs are distinguished by specific titles, such as "9th Feb., 1849," "God and the People," "Sons of the Future," etc., and one even reads among the students at Leghorn of a *Circolo Carlo Nobiling*. In fact, Italy is now taking her turn with the spirit of the Commune. The Pope has sent his congratulations to King Humbert, and the clerical journals join the general chorus of public indignation against the assassin and his kind. A very able and forcible, yet temperate, analysis of Cairoli's speech has been made by Signor Minghetti, formerly Secretary of the Treasury, at Legnano.

THE POLICY OF "SOLIDITY."

ONE hardly needed to be informed, as we were by the *Tribune* the other day, that Mr. Zachariah Chandler greatly rejoiced over the recent Republican triumphs, and thinks the party will have "no difficulty in electing Blaine or Grant next time." We are afraid his state of mind is only too common among prominent Republican statesmen—that is, they were willing to take up "honest money" even, like Messrs. Blaine and Conkling, at the last moment, and are glad to win by it; but the first use they would like to make of the victory is not to prepare the way for other victories of the same kind, but to get back the good old times when the offices were fairly divided, and when a politician, instead of bothering his head with finance, had only to instruct his secretary to collect "outrages" for him, and to launch an occasional volley of abuse at the "shot-gun Democracy." Nothing but great vigilance during the next two years on the part of the better element of the Republican party—the element which, in spite of its numerical weakness, made it necessary to put reform into the Cincinnati platform and the President's letter of acceptance—will prevent a rush back on the part of the managers into the old slough, and a vigorous effort to nominate and impose on the party one of their own set, who, like General Grant, will not harass them with "reform," nor enquire too curiously into the use they make of their patronage. They have taken up the currency question grudgingly—how grudgingly, Mr. Conkling's declaring himself on it a month before election after two years' silence during the critical period when public opinion was forming, illustrates curiously. They believe it will be disposed of and out of the way after January next, and their hope is that they will then be able to drop the subject, and all similar subjects, and go back once more to the simple work of denouncing the South.

It is of prime importance that this programme should not be carried out, and as a contribution towards its defeat there are two or three things to which we beg to call the attention of those Republicans to whom the party is, as it ought to be, interesting only as an instrument of good government:

1. It must not be forgotten that the policy towards the South which the Stalwart Republicans recommend, and would fain recur to, did not succeed when it was practicable and carried out. That is to say, outrages on the blacks were never so numerous, and were never attended with so much impunity, as when the Stalwarts had their way as to the manner of repressing them. Life and property and speech, on the other hand, have not for fifty years, or perhaps ever before, been as secure at the South as under Mr. Hayes's Administration, which has made no use of the Army or Navy or of the "bloody shirt." The cotton crop this year is the largest ever made, and has been produced by free labor, and a large cotton crop so produced is a sign of order and security which cannot be discredited by flaming newspaper articles or stump speeches. In fact, we now hear nothing of outrages on negroes as negroes. What is now complained of is outrages on them as voters, and, unhappily, most of the news we get on this point reaches us at election time from gentlemen actually engaged in the conflict and greatly interested in making the picture as black as possible.

2. For the sake of our present argument, we desire to have the stories of intimidation and cheating at the polls in the South, as told by the Republican press, accepted as literally true. If it be true that in one way or another the entire negro vote at the South has been coerced into support of Democratic candidates, it will only make the argument we are about to use the stronger. It shows, if true, an all but unanimous determination on the part of a masterful, able, and fighting race not to permit the colored population to be opposed to them in politics on the color line. In other words, the South is "solid" not against negro suffrage—for it likes that, because it increases the white representation in Congress—but against negro suffrage that is not controlled by white dictation, or is controlled by extraneous influence. It matters little how this dictation is exercised, whether by threats of armed violence or by unpunished ballot-stuffing, or other forms of fraud. Its existence is

a tremendous fact, and the mode of dealing with it constitutes a political problem of the first order.

The Republican chiefs have as yet proposed only one way of solving it, and that is the opposition of a "solid" or united North to a "solid" or united South. There is, it is true, another plan on which some of our "esteemed contemporaries" seem to rely. It consists in strong writing directed against the Southern whites and their principal men, telling them how wicked and rascally their conduct is, and how ungrateful they are, and that ballot-stuffing and assaults on public speakers are wrong, and are disapproved of by the wise and good. But this method is better suited to the Kindergarten than to the political arena.

3. The objections to the Solid plan are that it is simply a game of mutual defiance, and therefore can lead to no practical result, and may last indefinitely. It resembles extremely the plan of promoting peace now generally adopted in Europe, by the maintenance of enormous armaments. France is armed because Germany is armed, and Italy because Austria and France and Germany are armed, and so on round the circle. Each is "solid," in other words, because the others are "solid." A solid North can only be produced and maintained by incessantly preaching hatred and distrust of the South, and urging or instigating the blacks to organize and vote against the whites; and to this the whites will reply by increased solidity, and each party will propose as a condition of peace that the other should mend his ways and acknowledge his past transgressions, or, in other words, undergo some sort of humiliation. There would, in truth, in such a situation be no means of bringing on a crisis of any kind, because there is no legal means of breaking down the Southern resistance. The government of every American State is based on the assumption that the majority of the voters possesses the preponderance of physical force, as well as of numbers, and is gifted with sufficient knowledge of its interests for its own protection. If, for instance, in the State of New York the majority finds that it has been cheated at the polls, either by violence or the misconduct of executive officers, it is presumed to be capable of providing a remedy, either by fresh legislation or a change of officers, or both. An appeal to Washington or to public opinion in Ohio for relief would be considered ridiculous. Now, there is no question that the state of facts is not the same in South Carolina as in New York, but the law is the same. The majority in the former is not capable of taking care of itself, but it lives under a Constitution which presumes that it is. The Federal authority can do nothing for it but see that Federal elections are properly conducted, and this is an imperative duty; but its practical results must at best be small, because the elections which most concern the negroes are State elections, and because a man who has been so cowed or corrupted as to be unable to follow his honest choice in voting at State elections cannot be, by any process the President can issue, made brave and independent in voting at Federal elections. In short, solidity as a remedy for solidity is what the aged "Bill" Allen, of Ohio, calls "a barren ideality." Nobody can tell when Northern solidity would break down Southern solidity, or give any reason, drawn either from principles of human nature or from experience, why it should ever do so. On the contrary, systematic hostility of any kind everywhere and always breeds systematic hostility and perpetuates it. The lesson has been taught in lines of fire in the history of a dozen nations. There is no political agency more thoroughly discredited. Its appearance among us in the hands of a party rooted in philanthropic aims is little short of grotesque.

4. Nothing kills a political party more certainly than having no legislative end in view—that is, having no policy capable of being embodied in legislation, or promoted by legislation. A party cannot live by preaching or hiring preachers; it lives by making and executing laws, or by seeking the power of making laws which it is able to describe in advance. The Republican party has afforded an excellent illustration of this in its own history. As soon as the reconstructing of the South was done, and it could make no more promises, and had to commend itself to popular support simply by "pointing with pride," it began to decline steadily and lose its hold

on the Government. It has owed its recent partial recovery to its again offering to undertake and carry out a definable policy in legislation. It will again go to pieces if, after the currency question is settled, it goes back to the work of denunciation. Solidity could only be offered as a policy in case the South were governed or governable as a conquered province, and the question before the public was whether military rule should be maintained or how it should be exercised. As the South is, solidity against it might be a proper object for a sect or a proper theme for a debating club, but there is nothing in it by which a political party can live.

5. The only way within our reach of securing a people in the condition of the negroes at the South in the free exercise of the franchise (that is, without an abandonment of our present form of government and the acknowledgment that State majorities are not really sovereign), is to make it an object with the whites to protect them in it, by giving the whites an opportunity to divide into two political parties. As soon as this happens each party will draw a portion of the negro vote to itself, and will see that its negro voters are protected at the polls. In other words, "shot-guns" will then be met by "shot-guns"; rifle clubs which go out to intimidate will be met by other rifle clubs as brave or as ferocious as they. Ballot-stuffing will be repressed by the same methods which are found effectual here. The negro will be assailed by persuasion from each side, and one side at least will have relations with the North which will make it seek and welcome Northern speakers and opinions. This division cannot be brought about suddenly; nor will it be the result of "gratitude," the want of which at the South furnishes the subject of some very amusing articles in Republican papers, whose complaints sound very much like the complaints of a man, who has been pummelling another severely, because the rascal did not thank him when he let him go. It will come from the growth of new questions; from the revival of trade and industry; from the cessation of intestine denunciation, and from honest endeavors on the part of Northern politicians to act with Southerners on national questions without examining too closely into the condition of their hearts. It can never come as long as the Southern whites are kept constantly on the alert to prevent a restoration of negro government by the existence of a party at the North which makes the vote it ought to have at the South out of the census returns, and treats every negro who votes the Democratic ticket as necessarily the victim of violence. Progress by this process will doubtless be slow, but Republicans have enough experience of the difficulties of government among men of their own race at the North to afford an example of great patience towards a community whose burdens they do not share, and which is still heaving with the throes of a revolution which has gone deeper down than any other recorded in history.

THE COLLAPSE OF HOME RULE IN IRELAND.

MR. GLADSTONE, in the last *Nineteenth Century*, discoursing on the causes of the recent misfortunes of the English Liberals, sets down as prominent amongst them the defection of the Irish members, or at least of the section of them known as Home-Rulers, and makes the uncertainty of their future course one of the difficulties in the way of bringing the Liberal party back into power. And there has been nothing in the recent conduct of the Irish members to offer any compensation for the damage they have done to the cause of good government in England. A party which is so lost to self-respect as to seek to gain its ends by introducing trials of physical strength into deliberative bodies is a party from which no cause, however good, has much to expect in the way of real aid. In fact, if the knot of members of the House of Commons who adopted and carried out the policy of "obstruction" in the last session of Parliament had really represented their constituencies, the condition of Irish politics, which has never been very hopeful, might fairly have been set down as desperate. A country delivered by patriots who served her by perpetual motions to adjourn, and sitting up all night to call for divisions, could hardly be worth saving. A people

who could turn its representation in any free legislature to no better account than this, Liberals all over the world were rapidly concluding, could get little out of independence of any kind.

But the latest news from Ireland shows that the Home-Rulers in Parliament really had nothing behind them. Their "filibustering" had as much charlatany as wrong-headedness in it. It furnishes, moreover, a curious illustration of the way in which politics can be treated as a sort of joke in Ireland by the there very large class corresponding to what our politicians here call "the boys." In fact, the "Home-Rulers" in Parliament seem to have been sent there by voters who did not care a straw about "Home Rule"—or, in other words, to have been sent there for the fun of the thing. We have phenomena of a somewhat similar kind in our own politics. It is impossible, for instance, to believe that one-half of the 110,000 who voted for Butler the other day in Massachusetts believe in the "reforms" proposed by the General, or in his "flat money" plans, or his curious and wholly original device of "sealing down" mortgages in proportion to the decline in the value of the thing mortgaged. We do not believe it is unsafe to say that he owed half his support to the desire of "the boys" to make things lively and uncomfortable for the decorous and respectable classes, and have the fun of seeing an amusing old rowdy in a high official position. Irish voters have a traditional love of making "it hot under the old flag," even when they have no definite aim in view, and probably enjoyed O'Connell's ability to shock the English "swells" by his insolence as much as his efforts in the cause of Catholic Emancipation. There is, in fact, a key to much that is inscrutable in Irish politics in the story of the Irish farmer whose lawyer declined his retaining fee on the ground that he had no case, but was urged "to keep the money anyhow and make the court ring."

The latest Irish papers reveal the fact that the Irish people refuses to exhibit any mark of interest in "Home Rule"—or, in other words, in the cause of Irish independence—beyond sending absurd representatives to the House of Commons. A most pathetic letter appeared in the Dublin *Freeman* three weeks ago from Mr. Alfred Webb, the son of the Webb so well known to American abolitionists, giving up completely the Home-Rule movement, of which he has been a prominent and honored promoter, and an officer of the Home-Rule League, and explaining his action. He acknowledges the total failure of the movement among the Irish people, in spite of its prominence in Parliament. It has not failed through the causes which brought the Fenian movement in this country to an untimely end. It had able and honest men in its Council, who did not suffer any party or religious differences to divide them. It had an excellent Secretary, and its accounts were properly audited and its debts regularly paid, and the Saxon Government did not interfere with it in the least. The organization started, in 1870, with the support of two weekly and five daily papers, and a "National Roll" was opened, in which it was expected "the names of hundreds of thousands of Irishmen" would soon be inscribed. After seven years' work only two of the seven papers give it any countenance; the treasury is empty, and Mr. Webb speaks of the "National Roll" in a way which shows it is a painful subject. At the meetings for years past, he says, it has been impossible for Home-Rulers to confine the discussion to their own subject. Outsiders of all sorts have attended and insisted on "dividing the time," as they say in South Carolina, and making the speeches cover a wide area of thought and feeling, and he intimates that the reflections of the Home-Rulers proper at the close of the proceedings, when the lights were put out and "the drums had ceased beating," were usually of a very melancholy nature. In fact, to make a long story short, he confesses that the Irish people have never shown any interest in the movement, and he scorns the idea of having it revived, as has been recently attempted by an influx of Irish patriots from England to hold a convention in Dublin. "The Home-Rule elections, I now see," he says, "afforded no sure test of the real sentiments of the country, for the candidates professed to hold every other opinion agreeable to the constituencies in addition to Home Rule," which shows that

they were shrewder fellows at the hustings than they proved to be in the House. On the other hand, he sees a great many proofs that the people are, on the whole, contented and not without attachment to the British Empire, in illustration of which he cites the fact that they contribute 12,000 armed constabulary, 44,000 soldiers, 25,000 militia, and 27,000 sailors, or over 100,000 men out of a small population, to the support of its greatness and renown. In view of these circumstances he advises all Home-Rulers like himself to abandon an agitation that is "demoralizing to the spirit and conscience of the country," and give up the idle dream of an impossible independence.

If the collapse of the Home-Rule delusion should end, as Mr. Webb hopes it may, in bringing Ireland into the stream of rational and progressive politics, the gain to the world would be far greater than the size of the island, or its apparent moral or intellectual importance, would lead us to suppose. Its government has for two centuries been the scandal and disgrace of Anglo-Saxon religion and politics. It has discredited English liberty and English progress all over the earth, and has been a fertile source of corruption to English politicians. On the other hand, the story of the sufferings and constancy of oppressed Irishmen has done nothing for the cause of freedom anywhere, because all the influence of Irish patriots and agitators has, ever since they succeeded in making their voices heard outside their own island, been used on the side of tyranny and retrogression. The English flag may, indeed, be said to be the only flag under which Irishmen have served "the good old cause" for which Hampden and Sidney died. The reason of this is, of course, familiar to every student of history, and most students of history will be disposed to excuse it. But the world has had enough of it. The inconsistencies and absurdities of Irish Liberalism are something which Liberals can put up with no longer. Irish Nationalism has lost all respectability, even in the countries in which the romance of Irish sufferings had fifty years ago most powerfully touched the popular imagination. The age is one in which individuals or peoples who spend much time in pitying themselves excite the contempt of everybody else, and in which neither great memories nor high hopes suffice to exempt anybody from the stern obligation of making tangible contributions to the civilization of his time.

THE HÔTEL CARNAVALET.

PARIS, November 1, 1878.

THE Exhibition has driven me to a hundred places which I dare say I should not have visited if it had not been for a desire to avoid the terrible Champ-de-Mars, with its hundreds and thousands of men and women—this terrible Babel of the Trocadéro, where all the languages of the world are heard at the same time. When I read in my paper, "Today 200,700 tickets have been received at the doors of the Exhibition," I ask myself, Where is there a place in Paris unknown to these 200,000 travellers? where can I hide myself? where can I lead for a few hours a quiet, provincial, silent life?

The most provincial quarter of Paris is the Marais. The very name speaks of dormant solitude. The tide of what we call civilization follows the wind—it goes, in all our European cities, from east to west. The Marais, the Place Royale, the quarter of the Arsenal, the Island of St. Louis, were once the elegant quarter of Paris; the palace of the kings was, as the name Tuilleries (a brick manufactory) shows, on the outskirts of the city. When Henry the Fourth made his escape from the Louvre, he was in a moment in the country; now he would have to make his way across the rich quarter of the Champs Elysées, then completely deserted.

I visited a few days ago the hôtel of Madame de Sévigné in the Marais; I had never seen it. Most of these old hôtels of the Marais have been turned into schools. In the hôtel of Madame de Maintenon, decorated in some parts by Mignard, there is even now a preparatory school where pupils are taken for the École Centrale. Madame de Maintenon's hôtel is in the Rue du Regard, and is now completely dishonored. Till a few years ago, there was also a school in the charming Hôtel Carnavalet, where Madame de Sévigné lived during the last twenty years of her life. This hôtel is an admirable specimen of the French architecture of the Renaissance, and has beautiful sculptures, made by our famous Jean Goujon, so well known by his "Fontaine des Innocents." It was con-

structed in 1550 by the architect Pierre Lescot for a president of the Parliament, Jacques des Ligneris. All the great parliamentary families lived in the Marais, which is not very distant from the Sainte-Chapelle and the Palais de Justice.

How did the hôtel come to be named Carnavalet, a name which it has preserved to this time? After the death of the Président des Ligneris it became the property of the Kermenevoys, a Breton family known at the French court under the name of Carnavalet (the French have always altered names difficult of pronunciation, whether foreign or not). In the seventeenth century the Hôtel Carnavalet was inhabited by two parliamentary families, the last of whom let it to Madame de Sévigné, to her son-in-law, M. de Grignan, and to the good Abbé de Coulanges. (The lease was made in their three names, and each of them paid a third of the rent.) "I believe," writes Madame de Sévigné to her daughter on the 16th of September, 1677, "that d'Hocqueville has taken for us the Carnavalet; we shall be very well there; we must arrange ourselves in it, as nothing is more honorable or economical than to live together." On the 4th of October she writes, with an accent of triumph: "We have it, and how glad I am! What good air we shall have in it, instead of our Courtaudel [the Courtaudel is the house of the Courtauvalin Street, where Madame de Sévigné lived before]. We shall have the *bel air*! As one cannot have everything, we shall have to dispense with wooden floors, and with the little fireplaces which are now the fashion; but we shall have a fine court, a fine garden, a good quarter, and the good little *Filles-Bleues*, who are very handy, and we shall be all together." The Filles-Bleues were a Congregation of Sisters called the Celestial Annonciades, who lived in the next house; and in the seventeenth century such congregations were in daily communication with most families, especially in times of sickness, and for the education of young children, etc.

Madame de Sévigné would see to this day the huge fireplaces which had ceased to be the fashion; they are still ready to receive large logs of wood on their immense andirons; the portraits which probably hung over them where we now have mirrors are no longer there, with the exception of a portrait of Cardinal Mazarin, which is perhaps not of Madame de Sévigné's time. There is a long and charming letter from Madame de Sévigné to her daughter about the distribution of the rooms. M. de Grignan took for himself the ground-floor, yielding only a part of it to the Marquis de Sévigné, his brother-in-law. Madame de Sévigné established herself on the first floor. The stables could receive eighteen horses, and there was room for four carriages. When Madame de Sévigné entered the house it had been enlarged by the famous Mansard (who gave his name to the French attics called to this day *mansardes*). The old Renaissance part is only represented now on the street by the central portico, which was carefully preserved by Mansard. In the court it is represented by the fine building which makes the end of the court, and by the ground-floor on the other three sides. All the rest is the work of Mansard. A second restoration was made in our time, but it only affected the interior of the hôtel; yet every trace of the habitation of Madame de Sévigné was unhappily destroyed. Nothing remains of the disposition and of the decoration of the apartment of the marquise; the little room where she lived, the large room which was left to Madame de Grignan, the staircase which she describes, are all gone.

"Le haut est bien plus clair et plus propre que le bas. Il y a une grande salle commune, que je meublerai, puis un passage, puis une grande chambre: c'est la vôtre. De cette chambre on passe dans celle de Madame de Lillebonne [the Lillebonnes were ladies of the house of Lorraine, who were living in the house at the time when Madame de Sévigné took it]; c'est la mienne; et de cette grande chambre on va dans une petite que vous ne connaissez pas, qui est votre panier, votre *grippe-minaud*, que je vous meublerai, et où vous coucherez si vous voulez. La grande sera meublée aussi de votre lit; j'aurai assez de tapisserie. Cette petite chambre est jolie. . . . Celles que je voudrai vous ôter pour éumer votre pot viendront par un degré dégagé assez raisonnable tout droit dans une petite chambre. Ce sera aussi le degré du matin pour mes gens, pour mes ouvriers, pour mes créanciers."

This letter of the 12th of October, 1677, to Madame de Grignan is full of such details; but you must look no more for that "reasonable" staircase, for that little *grippe-minaud* room, nor for the room where the mother could "skim the pot" of her daughter's visitors. This skimming of the pot can only be understood in the classical country of the *bouillon* and the *pot au feu*.

The sculptures of Jean Goujon are in his best manner. Over the door there are, from his hand, small children with palms in their hands, supporting the escutcheon of the Carnavalets. Goujon made also an admirable figure called Abundance, a winged figure standing on a carnival mask (an allusion to the name of Carnavalet). To him also have always

been attributed the four colossal figures of the Seasons which adorn the first floor of the building, and are all in that elegant, finely-draped style of the statues of the Fontaine des Innocents. They are not quite as finished as the nymphs of this famous fountain, but they were evidently made at least after the designs and drawings of the master. These four great figures are the chief feature of the court, as they are in the principal building; other figures have since been made on the two wings, the four Elements, Earth, Water, Air, Fire, by Van Obstal. The hand of Jean Goujon can be discovered in some fine bas-reliefs over the doors, on the vaults, in the staircase, over the windows.

The rooms which Madame de Sévigné describes in the letter which I have cited have all been altered, but the reception rooms are the same now as they were in the time of the marquise. You can still see the great staircase (not the *degré raisonnable*), constructed by Mansard, which conducted the visitor to the *grand appartement*; the common drawing-room, with its two windows on the court, and two on the garden; the great room of the Countess de Grignan; the rooms of M. de Grignan on the ground floor and of the *bon abbé* (the *bien bon*, as the marquise always calls him). But the character of all the apartments has been completely altered by the destination which has been given to the Hôtel Carnavalet.

The city of Paris bought it in 1863 for the sum of 900,000 francs, and turned it into a museum. This museum is to be specially devoted to the history of Paris. The Public Library of Paris was burned in the fire of the Hôtel de Ville, on May 24, 1871. It has since been partially reconstructed and established in the Hôtel Carnavalet. I cannot well imagine why the marquise's hôtel has been chosen to receive all the documents concerning the history and the transformation of Lutetia. Madame de Sévigné spent a few months in Paris every year, but she was, after all, a *provinciale*; she was not a *Parisienne*. She would probably care little for all these old maps of Paris, all these documents concerning its edifices, its churches, its monuments. Her library was very different from what is now called the Bibliothèque Carnavalet; it is not difficult to reconstruct it. Her letters form a natural catalogue where all her favorite authors can be found. "I am going on with Nicole's 'Morale,' which I find delicious; it has as yet given me no remedy against the rain, but I expect to find one, for I find everything in it. I find this book admirable." Nicole, Pascal, the Jansenists had certainly a place of honor in this most serious library of the most charming and good-humored marquise, along with Voiture and Sarrasin and Segrais—authors who are now out of fashion—and a few novels of chivalry (for the chivalric spirit was not yet gone), and some old authors. "We are reading also the 'History of France,' from the time of King John. I wish to get it clear in my head, as much so, at least, as Roman history, where I have no friends or relations. Here, at least, I find some acquaintances. Well, as long as we have books we will not hang ourselves!" Of course Madame de Sévigné read "L'Astrée," and "Cyrus," and "Cleopatra," which we now find unreadable. "My son has thrown me into the midst of 'Cleopatra,' and I am finishing it; it is a folly which I beg you to keep secret." Her common sense is here in revolt, but she is half-ashamed of it. She was fond of ancient history: "I am delighted that you should like the history of Josephus, and Herodias, and Aristobulus. Go on, I beg you; read the siege of Jerusalem and of Jotapata. Take courage; all is fine, all is great. . . . As for myself, I am in the history of France; the Crusades have led me on, but they are not to be compared to Josephus. Ah! how I wept over Aristobulus and Mariamne."

I have for more than twenty years looked in vain for a book of Madame de Sévigné's bearing the well-known arms of Rabutin-Sévigné. I have never seen one in any library, either public or private. I dare say she did not take the trouble to have her books well bound, and to have her arms engraved on them. They must have been good old, serviceable books, bound modestly in calf; but she read them.

The library which is now in the Hôtel Carnavalet might as well have been placed anywhere else, and all the fragments of old Gallo-Roman Parisian art, which fill room after room, would have been much better in their place in the Musée de Cluny. I should have liked to find the hôtel of Madame de Sévigné emptied of all this *bric-à-brac*. It looks now like a gigantic curiosity-shop, with its old clocks, and *chaises-à-porteur*, and chairs, and draperies. Since the old furniture of Madame de Sévigné no longer exists, the hôtel could have been furnished and decorated exactly in the sober and severe style of the end of the seventeenth century. I would have placed in Madame de Sévigné's apartment authentic pictures of all her friends. I would have tried to seduce M. de l'Aubépin, the possessor of the admirable portrait of the marquise by Mignard. I would have had in the passages busts of the Grand Condé, of La Roche-

foucauld, of the Cardinal de Retz. I would have placed in the library all the Jansenists, Nicole, Arnaud, Malebranche, with all the works of Molière and Corneille and Bossuet. In short, I would have tried to give to the visitor the impression of the seventeenth century. Still, in its disorderly state, half-museum, half-library, the Hôtel Carnavalet deserves a visit; there is still something in it of the lovable marquise.

Notes.

AMONG the holiday books announced by J. B. Lippincott & Co. are "Génevieve de Brabant," a legend in verse, by Mrs. Charles Willing, illustrated; "Iris," a poem by Mrs. M. B. M. Toland, also illustrated; and a small quarto consisting of extracts from Miss Mitford's "Our Village."—The new Catalogue of their publications just issued by Houghton, Osgood & Co. would be remarkable if only for its excellent arrangement, full index, and handsome typography; but the list of works which it enumerates is of course the most noticeable feature, as it should be, and draws both upon the best American and the best English literature of the present century.—A "Treatise on Coal: its History and Uses," by several professors of the Yorkshire College, Leeds, will be shortly published by Macmillan & Co. The same house have just reissued the first volume of Sir Francis Palgrave's "History of Normandy and England," which has been long out of print.—Bulletin No. 47 of the Boston Public Library completes the third volume. Mr. Perkins's Check-list for American Local History reaches Troy, N. Y. A list of works in the Library on Coins and Medals, and another of Bibles from the Medlicott collection, also make this number valuable to specialists.—Mr. Lawrence Buckley Thomas, of Baltimore, sends us Part II. of his "Genealogical Notes," printed in the same handsome manner as Part I. It consists of additions and corrections to the preceding, and is in lieu of a revised edition of it. A large number of facsimiles of family autographs and documents, from tracings, are appended in papyrograph print.—Mr. George Dimmock has issued from the *Psyche* Office, at Cambridge, a list of the entomological works of John Lawrence Le Conte, on one hundred and fifty-seven "title slips"—that is, on slips of thin cardboard, of uniform size, one title printed on each. The works are all articles in periodicals or in the memoirs of societies, or in other persons' books—just the sort of writings that one gets no other clue to than such a painstaking list as this. Mr. Dimmock intends to continue with other authors, and so to make in time a bibliography of entomology which will differ from other bibliographies in this, that it can be arranged, as the owner pleases, by authors, as Harris, Le Conte, etc., or by subjects, as coleoptera, rhynophora, etc., and that either alphabetically, or systematically, or chronologically, or, finally, in all these ways, if one will only buy several copies of each of the slips.—The *Librarian*, in its last number, informs us that "fifteen years ago no copy of Lowndes, Watt, Bruno, Peignot, Panzer, or Dobbin was to be found" in the Mercantile Library of Philadelphia. The absence of the last-named bibliographer was indeed serious.—A rather unusual sale exhibition of representative pottery, bronzes and antiquities, including many reproductions from classic works and some original relics from Tuscan cemeteries, is now open at Kurtz's Gallery on 23d Street, in aid of Protestant education in Italy.—The following English announcements are of interest: An extensive work by Mr. Justin McCarthy, "The History of Our Own Times, from the Accession of Queen Victoria to the Berlin Congress," of which two volumes will be published immediately (Chatto & Windus); a new edition of the late Mr. Bagehot's literary essays, with an introduction by R. H. Hutton; "Mixed Essays," by Matthew Arnold (Smith & Elder).—Part V. of Keolman's learned and infinitely laborious "Wörterbuch der Ostfriesischen Sprache" ends with *fli* (Eng. felt). Like the foregoing it possesses no little interest for English students. We may instance the etymologies of *Emma* (the active, diligent one), *erde* (earth), *es* (genitive ending), *taken* (ask), *fader* (father), *falge* (fallow), *ferken* (porcus, farrow, perhaps the animal that furrows the ground), *feide* (feud), *feld* (field), *felisen* (valise), *fenne* (fen), *fet* (fat), *fidel* (fiddle), etc. Curious idioms and proverbs as usual abound, e.g., "hè kwam to enn," he stood up (literally "on end"); "dat is so fast as botter in de sūnn"; "bäter 'n goden naber as 'n ferren fründ."—Col. J. W. Forney, the late genial editor of the Philadelphia *Press*, who changed his skies by going abroad, could not change his editorial habit, and almost as he holds puts out vol. i., No. 1, of *Progress: A Mirror for Men and Women*. Mr. Forney, it seems from the pictorial heading of his new weekly, has a bay-window from which he sends "glances" into the outer world, and even into the world of spirits, for his vista on the

left hand fades away from the philanthropic Geo. W. Childs, of the Philadelphia *Ledger*, through Henry C. Carey—"Carey, the philosopher"—to William Penn; and on the right hand from Morton McMichael, "the journalist," through Ben Franklin to Lincoln. Mr. Edison can be best seen from the front window, and by putting his head and his editorial out Mr. Forney can at any time overlook an animated conversation by telephone between General Grant and his dear friend the late Senator Sumner. It will be seen that Mr. Forney's glances are partial to the male sex, and in fact were it not for "Emily's" "Leaves from My Diary," "Bella's Letters, No. I., from Castle Beau Monde," on the Heights, near Philadelphia, and Mr. Justin McCarthy's novel of "Donna Quixote," the Mirror for Women would be a pure misnomer. As is natural in a first number, Mr. Forney is his own chief contributor; his are the Bunsbyisms on the first page called "Editorial Paragraphs," and the editorial paragraphs on p. 2 called "Topics of the Week," and the topics of the week on pp. 4 and 5 called "Editorial Paragraphs," and the editorial paragraphs on p. 9, used as filling without a name; his the biographical section, "Our Living Old Men" (not Our Live Young Men, as might have been expected in a journal of Progress), and his, finally, the threnody on the late Henry Armit Brown. Mr. Forney's reputation as a poet has yet to be established, but that continuance on his part in verse-making will be progress, the following stanzas bear witness:

"He scorned the persecuting arts of those
Who make of independent men their foes,
But always—and he often spoke of them—
It was their *public* conduct to condemn,
And point the way of ultimate Reform,
That was his shining beacon in the storm."

After this, Mr. Forney's promised appearance as a novelist need not surprise us: "American Money and Foreign Titles" will show what can be done by way of rivalling Mr. James's "American."

The pictorial magazines for December agree in a comparative mediocrity of contents, symptomatic, perhaps, of reserved surprises for the January number. As is not uncommon, too, they show some correspondence in topics. Mr. M. D. Conway's "England's Great University," in *Harper's*, is supplemented by Mr. Ansley Wilcox's "Undergraduate Life at Oxford" in *Scribner's*. Mr. E. H. Knight discourses in the former magazine of "The Mariner's Cautionary Signal," and in *Lippincott's* continues his series of articles on the Paris Exposition with a discriminating paper on the machinery exhibit. "Some Aspects of Contemporary Art" in *Lippincott's* may be read with "Art at the Paris Exposition" in *Scribner's*. Mr. Conway tells, in the course of his article, of Broad-Church and High-Church competition at Oxford, and cites a curious instance of it. A wealthy lady lately gave \$5,000 towards founding at the University "a college for young women similar to that (Girton) which is doing such good work at Cambridge." Naturally, the Broad-Church professors and teachers were called in as advisers, but, dreading the strength of the monastic traditions, would fain have settled down upon a young ladies' boarding-school as the safest entering-wedge. Thereupon the High-Church people held a meeting and appointed a committee to take the lead in carrying out the original conception, and sent word to the Broad-Church party that they were prepared to join forces with them on this basis, and they are now at work harmoniously together, preparing a purely secular scheme of instruction. Mr. Conway's paper is pleasingly illustrated from photographs, including portraits of Jowett, Pusey, Lidderdon, and Max Müller. This number of *Harper's*, indeed, is rich in portraits, for the article on "Mendelssohn and Moscheles" has no less than ten of composers and virtuos, and in "The Red River Colony" there are three capital character-portraits of leaders in a Swiss migration to Manitoba in the year 1821, which, in the end, profited the United States and not Canada. The narrative of the little colony's voyage by way of Hudson's Bay, their expectations and hard disappointment, is unpretentious but quite worth recording. Miss Elizabeth Stuart Phelps, in "Two Hundred and Two," conveys by fiction the moral that a woman cannot or ought not to love more than one man; but this harsh doctrine is mitigated by the ultimate union of Miss Vesta Röllinstall to her long-lost lover.

—Mr. Edward King contributes to *Lippincott's* another chapter of his "Danubian Days," chiefly devoted to vindication of the Servian character for bravery and to description of Buda-Pesth. Prof. T. F. Crane relates agreeably the history of Antonio de Trueba, the popular Spanish poet and novelist, with here and there a bit of his autobiography or an abstract of one of his stories. Mr. Knight finds evidence of the influence of American example in the construction of English and French locomotives; what he has to say of the double Macarthy roller-gin apparently deserves the serious consideration of our Southern cultivators. Per-

haps nothing is so deeply interesting in this number as the plain tale by a lady of "The Great Earthquake of 1878 in Venezuela." The writer was an eye-witness of it in Caracas, which was nearly overwhelmed by it, but the force of the earthquake was greatest in the valley of the Tuy, to the south of the capital, and fell with utter destructiveness upon the city of Cua. The details of the catastrophe here are what might be expected. A wife is preserved while sitting between her brother-in-law, who is instantly killed, and her husband, who dies in fifteen minutes, but in full consciousness. "A bride of twenty-four hours was killed with three of her children by a previous marriage. A fourth child was supposed also to have been killed, but on the third day a soldier who was passing the house pierced a basket which was among the ruins with his bayonet out of curiosity, when to his amazement a childish voice cried out, 'Tengo hambre' ('I am hungry'). . . ." In typographical accuracy *Lippincott's* is ordinarily a model, but on p. 659 Serapevo has slipped in for Seravevo, and on p. 713 Mr. Whistler's "Nocturnes in Black and Gold" appear as Natures. In *Scribner's* one should read Prof. Sumner on "The National Bank Circulation," and may read with more or less of interest and instruction Mr. John Muir's "The Douglas Squirrel of California"; Emma C. Hardinge's "Cliff-Dwellers," a fascinating theme; Charles C. Ward's "Caribou-Hunting"; and Grace A. Ellis's "Dora D'Istria," all of these being illustrated in *Scribner's* excellent manner.

—The illustrated article entitled "The Golden Age of Engraving," which was published in *Harper's Magazine* for August last, and which we commented on at the time, has been issued now in pamphlet form, and comes to us with the imprint of Mr. Frederick Keppel, the print-seller, on the cover, although the pages within are printed direct from the Messrs. Harper's double-columned plates and with their running title. The paper contains a good deal of information about different kinds of engraving, and gives dates of birth and death of many favorite engravers, with accuracy, so far as we have observed. It gives, also, names of books of reference, but it is not very thorough in any direction: for example, it mentions Bartsch's "Peintre-Graveur" as an indispensable book to the student, without naming the Passavant book forming appendix, which corrects and completes Bartsch so neatly; and regrets that Bartsch does not deal with the "great line-engravers who have reproduced the masterpieces of painting," without recalling the marked exceptions, such as the whole fourteenth volume given to Marc Antonio and his two doubles. So Bryan's "Dictionary" is named as giving those line-engravers, but without mention of either Nagler or Robert-Dumesnil. And then it ought to be observed that the engravers of the "Golden Age" were far from faithful reproducers of their originals, in most cases, and that the most accurate engraved copies of paintings have been made in much more modern times, either by line-engravers whom the author does not name in the few lines he devotes to the modern school of that art, or by the painter-etchers like Unger and Flameng, whose existence is noticed very briefly. Charles Sumner's light and amateurish little pamphlet is twice mentioned as an authority. Such things pass in a magazine article, but should not appear in reprints of any form.

—The *New Quarterly Magazine* (London) is now published by Messrs. Chatto & Windus, and is at present edited by Dr. Franz Hueffer, who has revived the department of "Current Literature and Current Criticism," to which reference has been made by us before now. A discussion of the varying English opinions of two American novels, Dr. Eggleston's "Roxy" and Mr. James's "Europeans," is promised for the January number. In the October issue there is an article by an American—"The New Bulgaria," by Mr. F. D. Millet, the war correspondent of the *Daily News*; and an essay on an American—"The Gospel according to Walt Whitman," by Mr. Robert Louis Stevenson. Readers of the *Portfolio* know Mr. Stevenson as the writer of an agreeable series of articles on Edinburgh. He is, in fact, a young Scotch lawyer, whose canoe trip in France has been delightfully described in his "Inland Voyage"; and to London, one of the crop of English "society weeklies," Mr. Stevenson is contributing "Latter-day Arabian Nights," a fanciful and fantastic reworking of Eastern legend amid Western surroundings. He does not indulge in the bespattering of praise from which he says Mr. Whitman has greatly suffered; he tries to show what there really is good in the man and in his work, which is neither that of a Milton nor of a Shakspeare. "Leaves of Grass," in his view, is "simply comical, where it falls short of nobility," and to show the nobility while stepping over the comicality is Mr. Stevenson's aim. "To give a certain unity of ideal to the average population of America—to gather their activities about some conception of humanity that shall be central and normal, if only for the

moment"—this really is Whitman's aim, and he sees that "if the poet is to be of any help he must testify to the liveableness of life." Mr. Stevenson had previously declared his belief that Whitman, "not as a poet, but as what we must call (for lack of a more exact expression) a prophet, occupies a curious and prominent position." And in another place, "He has sayings that come home to one like the Bible. We fall upon Whitman, after the works of so many men who write better, with a sense of relief from strain, with a sense of touching nature, as when one passes out of the flaring, noisy thoroughfares of a great city into what he himself has called, with unexcelled imaginative justice of language, 'the huge and thoughtful night.'" Having taken Whitman rather as a prophet than a poet, Mr. Stevenson remarks that his lyrical unrhymed verse "can only be described by saying that he has not taken the trouble to write prose. I believe myself that it was selected principally because it was easy to write, although not without some recollections of the marching measures of some of the prose in our English Old Testament." "A great part of his work considered as verse is poor, bald stuff. Considered, not as verse, but as speech, a great part of it is full of strange and admirable merits."

—In the *Nation*, No. 344, in a notice of the *North American Review* for January, 1872, we called attention to a criticism by Dr. Ezra Abbot, of Cambridge, of Archbishop Trench's distinction in his 'New Testament Synonyms' between the words *ἰππότης* and *αἵτος*, and expressed the opinion, in agreement with Dr. Abbot, that the difference of meaning between the words which the Archbishop predicated was altogether untenable. The edition of the 'Synonyms' upon which the remarks were based was the seventh, of 1871, but, notwithstanding the circulation and character of the *North American Review*, we find in the eighth edition of the 'Synonyms,' published in 1876, the very same remarks upon the words repeated, without a hint of any opposite view, and without an apparent suspicion on the part of the author that his opinion of the New Testament use of the words had ever been questioned. But it had been already said in England, before the publication of Dr. Abbot's article, that a fair study of New Testament texts would not justify the Archbishop in the shade of meaning which he assigned to *ἰππότης*, so that the insatiation of the learned Dean to the criticism upon his work is the more inexplicable. We may recall here that while, according to the doctrine laid down in the 'Synonyms,' *αἵτος* is the request of the inferior to the superior, and *ἰππότης* implies that the two persons stand on an equality, and while the first should be used in petitions of the apostles and others to Christ, the latter is the proper word in petitions from Jesus to the Deity, the facts are that in three important passages, very nearly decisive against this theory, the two words are clearly interchangeable (John xvi. 23 : Acts iii. 2, 3 ; 1 John v. 16).

—The *odium theologicum* has made many entertaining contributions to polemical literature, and of late the *odium philologicum* has been also very prolific in coarse abuse. But the following extract from a controversy now raging between two high dignitaries of the medical profession in this city and in Philadelphia shows that the *odium medicum* has resources in the matter of scurrilous rhetoric which neither of the others can look down upon. It affords, too, strong support to the opinion we have long held, that "newspaper men," far from being unusually addicted to personal abuse, are really the victims of a temptation which acts powerfully on men of all callings. We have little doubt that if doctors and lawyers had the means of addressing a large multitude every day upon any topic they pleased, opposition of any kind would betray them into the very excesses which are now considered the peculiar scandal of the editorial profession. The subjoined passage, in fact, serves to illustrate the noble and successful struggle with the weaknesses of human nature which the mealy-mouthed editors carry on every day :

"A distempered and snarling cur has nobler mental and moral qualities than you ; the vibrio that wriggles in decomposing filth is higher in the scale of existence ; the foul bird that defecates in its own nest is less odious ; the wretch who, actuated by perverted instincts, revels in nastiness and abominations, is not so execrable ; the monster who insults the mother who bore him is more entitled to human sympathy. Whether you receive your dues in this world or in the next is, as I have said, a matter of no consequence to me ; but if a being as grovelling, hypocritical, fraudulent, and polluted as you could, through any means, escape the punishment to which his crimes entitle him, then I should lose faith in the justice of an omniscient God, and wonder for what purpose hell was instituted. Go, graceless and irreclaimable quack, hardened and infamous blackguard, sane or insane, knave or maniac, and regale your devious fancies by the contemplation of your own depravity."

—In the *Gegenwart* for September 21 is a long article by Mr. Adolf Glaser, well known by his translations from the Dutch, on "Die moderne belletristische Literatur in Holland." It appears that the Dutch attribute the absence of first-rate writers among them largely to the want of a literary treaty with Germany. Not only do their publishers pirate, by means of translations, such German books as seem likely to suit their public, but these are read so extensively in the original as to exercise a very depressing influence on the development of a native literature. One would suppose that, however disagreeable this might be to the literary class in Holland, it would be a source of unmixed pleasure to patriotic Germans. But this is far from being the case; for though all educated Dutchmen read German, a very large proportion of them, Mr. Glaser tells us, are never able to accustom themselves to the German character. In consequence of which novels, etc., are reprinted in Holland by wholesale, the author, of course, being rewarded with fame only. It is to be hoped that the Dutch will persist in their opposition to a literary treaty until their repugnance to Gothic letters is universally shared by German authors and publishers.

—The Arctic explorer, Edw. H. Johansen, who, it will be remembered, was the first one to circumnavigate Nova Zembla, for which he received a gold medal, now has the honor of having discovered a new land in the Arctic Ocean. He returned to Norway from Nova Zembla on the 27th of September, and reported that the Kara Sea was nearly free from ice on account of the constant south winds. So far as he could judge, the ice must have drifted very far out, and had he had a steamer he thinks it would not have been difficult to reach Franz-Joseph Land. With a schooner he dared not venture, having, besides, to attend to the main object of his expedition—that of catching walruses. Hunting this aquatic mammal brought him so far to the east that he touched the ninetieth degree east longitude—that is, as far as Cape Taimyr. On this voyage, which was made in open sea, he discovered, at long 86° E., lat. 77° 35' N.—that is, north of the most northern point of Nova Zembla, which is situated a little south of the seventy-seventh degree—an island about seventeen miles long, which he circumnavigated. It was considerably elevated at the west end and sloped gradually towards the east. Along the shore lay a large amount of driftwood. On the island and in the sea around it were seen the birds common to the Arctic regions, such as gulls, guillemots, etc., while these are known not to be found in the Kara Sea. Three bears were also seen, but ground-swallows and fog prevented Mr. Johansen from landing. On the southeast shore was found a considerable amount of ice, and here forty walruses were killed. The sea was very deep on the west and north sides, but quite shallow on the south and east sides, which made him think that the continent could not be far off. Leaving the island he sailed in a southeasterly direction to the ninetieth degree east longitude, and, the fog clearing away, he discovered land about twenty miles to the south, and this he is of the opinion must have been Cape Taimyr, the most northern point of Western Asia. There was no ice. This was on the 20th of August, and, finding no walruses, he returned.

—The two recently established German periodicals for English philology, *Englische Studien* and *Anglia*, show no signs of falling off. The first *Heft* of vol. ii. of the *Englische Studien* contains two articles—one grammatical, one literary, to which we desire to call especial attention. Dr. Witte discusses at length the pronoun in "Semi-Saxon," 1100-1250 A.D. His investigations are very thorough, and his statements clear and precise. They are based upon an almost exhaustive study of the literature of that period, and will be of decided service to all students of the history of our language. The literary article is of more general interest. Professor Caro, of Bremen, a well-known authority on matters pertaining to East-European history, occupies forty-four pages in treating of the "Historical Elements in Shakspere's *Tempest* and *Winter's Tale*." It would be impossible for us to give even a résumé of this long and interesting piece. Suffice it to say that the author endeavors to trace a likeness between these two dramas and certain events and personages in Lithuanian history of the fourteenth century, contending for the probability of the belief that the extensive intercourse between England and the Baltic countries during the fourteenth century, notably under Richard II. and Henry IV., gave rise to a semi-heroic or ballad literature in England, which was known to Shakspere, and to which he was indebted, in the author's words, for the *Anregung* to these two dramas. This theory, so far as it affects "A Winter's Tale," should be compared with the ingenious surmises of a late writer in the *Athenaeum* (see the *Nation*, No. 631), who identifies "Sicilia" with Hungary. The *Anglia* offers an equally

long essay by J. Phelan, of Memphis, on the "Life and Plays of Philip Massinger," whose play of "The Picture," by the way, the *Athenaeum* writer considers to have been drawn from the same source as the "Winter's Tale." Trautmann's article upon the metre of Layamon will be a welcome addition to our scanty and confused knowledge of a difficult point in the history of English verse. The views held by Guest, Morley, Marsh, and Ellis are rejected, and an attempt made to point out a strong resemblance between Layamon's verse and the four-beat measure of Otfried's "Krist." The article is extremely significant, as indicating the rapid progress made of late years in the comparative study of the history of metre. Wackernagel's theory, which is followed by Trautmann, and which bids fair to supplant the others, is that the four-beat measure both in Germany and in England was not derived from the pre-Christian alliterative verse, but from the rhythmical so-called Ambrosian hymns of the Latin Church.

THE WORSHIP OF JOHNSON.*

THERE are few more curious facts than the modern admiration for the great lexicographer. Authors who agree in nothing else agree in admiring him. To Macaulay he is the great man of letters and admirable for his love of literature. To Carlyle, he is the prophet who preached the gospel that a man should clear his mind of cant. To the mass of the public who follow the lead of fashion Johnson is a man to be admired, they hardly know why, but principally because he has left on record a greater number of good sayings which are at once intelligible and easy to be remembered than any writer of equal celebrity. Indeed, it may be doubted whether veneration for an author whose works every one praises and next to nobody reads has not a little exceeded the limits of good sense, and it may be suspected that if Johnson were restored to life there are few things which he would be more likely to attack than the cant of Johnsonism. If, for example, the excellent Dr. Hill, who publishes three hundred and odd pages to show that Johnson was free from every prejudice and never said a rude thing in his life, could meet the object of his idolatry, he would, we venture to say, provoke one of those rebuffs which offended the hearers by their rudeness and have charmed posterity by their humor. Still, if the Boswellism, which seems to be a disease to which adorers of Johnson are doomed to be victims, makes a good deal of what is written about him poor stuff, a work such as Mr. Leslie Stephen's, which concentrates into a couple of hundred pages the essence of Boswell's biography, is proof enough, were any proof needed, that Johnson still excites an affectionate admiration in the minds of the best critics of the day, and that, for once, the feeling of the ablest judges in the main agrees with the tone of popular sentiment.

But when it is admitted that the enthusiasm for Johnson is both genuine and widespread, the enquiry still remains, Why is it that Johnson receives the adoration of a generation which seems at first sight very unlike the generation which he ruled as a literary despot? There are many circumstances which appear likely to militate against his fame. He was not, his most ardent admirers must admit, a thinker of first-rate eminence. In no single field of thought did he display anything like the power which, for example, Burke, Hume, Buller, or Adam Smith has exhibited in the provinces of speculation to which they devoted their minds. It may be said without fear of contradiction that no speculative question of politics, of morals, or of metaphysics was either solved, or even dealt with in a masterly manner, by Johnson. If you compare his "Taxation no Tyranny" with Burke's speech on "Conciliation with America" you measure the whole difference between the talent of a party pamphleteer and the genius of a political philosopher. If, again, you compare Johnson's crude utilitarianism with the theory by which Bentham revolutionized English legislation, you perceive at a glance that the one was a man who could think out and express vigorously a passing thought, whilst the other was a thinker who could draw from the same thought conclusions which have influenced the whole tone of succeeding generations. If Johnson cannot claim the place of a leader of speculation, still less does he seem entitled to command the sympathy of the present age through holding views which have now received recognition. His form of Toryism is extinct. It is far more unlike the Conservatism of Lord Beaconsfield than the Whig doctrines current when George III. came to the throne. His religious views, again, though they may be described as those of a High-Churchman, are singularly unlike the doc-

trines held by persons who represent modern High-Churchmanship. It is difficult to conceive any friendly relation between Dr. Johnson and a Ritualist curate, and probably St. Alban's would be about the last church in London in which the Doctor would care to worship. On the other hand, it is not easy at a first glance to see why a man who never omitted an opportunity of denouncing toleration should be the favorite hero of writers who, like Mr. Stephen, are devoted to free thinking and free speaking; nor why a teacher who held every sceptic a fool or a knave should meet not only with toleration but with keen sympathy from thinkers who are intellectually the descendants of Hume.

Yet the prevalent admiration for Johnson is, when the matter is carefully looked into, capable of satisfactory explanation. Half the people, it must be admitted, who think they admire Johnson, are in reality worshippers, if not of Boswell, yet at least of Boswell's work. The Dr. Johnson whom they admire is not the author of 'Rasselas' or the moralist of the *Rambler*, for it is probable that they have not read ten pages of 'Rasselas' and all but certain that they have not read a line of the *Rambler*. What Englishmen really admire is the great talker, who, according to Burke, was greater in conversation than in his writings, and greater in Boswell's reports than in his real conversations. The accident, in fact, that fortune made Johnson the subject of the best biography in the language is the secret of at least half his fame. The other half is accounted for, without in any way detracting from Johnson's infinite claims to respect, by circumstances which are, to a certain extent, independent of his intrinsic merits. The opinions or prejudices which he defended are not the opinions which are now entertained by any large class of Englishmen; but the tone of sentiment which Johnson inculcated is in many respects curiously suited to the taste of to-day. For an enthusiastic or revolutionary age Johnson and Johnson's sentiments have little or no attraction. The religious enthusiasm which, towards the close of the last century, stirred the spiritual life of Englishmen, had hardly less real affinity with the religious stoicism of Johnson than had the revolutionary fervor which convulsed the Continent. As long as men were influenced by sentiments of vehement religious or political zeal or hopefulness, so long the influence of moralists such as Johnson was held in abeyance; but though it is the custom to talk of the present age as one marked by sentiment or enthusiasm unknown to the coldness of the eighteenth century, such language is, as regards modern England at least, peculiarly unmeaning. The age appears to be one of movement, because, for different reasons which this is not the opportunity to examine, the power of resistance on the part of existing institutions or creeds is diminished, but there never was a time when there was less of revolutionary fervor. In truth, modern Englishmen are far nearer in sentiment to the men among whom Johnson reigned supreme than to either the religious or the irreligious enthusiasts who broke into the moral and intellectual repose in the midst of which Johnson's moral teaching flourished.

Add to this that, paradoxical as the statement appears, Johnson's moral tone has in some respects a close affinity to some forms of scepticism. He held that ours was a world where little was to be known and much was to be done, and assuming, as most Englishmen of his generation did, that there was a strong *prima-facie* case in favor of received political and religious dogmas, this conviction that there was little to be known naturally led to the adoption of what may be called practical conservatism. Combine the same scepticism as to the possibility of certain knowledge with a different estimate of the weight to be given to the fact that a political or religious dogma is generally received as true, and you make a near approach to a form of scepticism which, though inconsistent with strong belief in political or theological theories, has yet considerable likeness to Johnson's speculative attitude, and may with great ease ally itself with that kind of conservatism which considers that you must take life as you find it, not whine over the inevitable, and generally make the best of a not very hopeful existence. Whenever such a condition of feeling predominates, at any rate among Englishmen, the practical moralist is sure to make his appearance and to receive even more than due attention. For the last twenty years English weekly papers and magazines have teemed with articles which, in one shape or another, deal with the conduct of life and the minor questions which social existence suggests. Every one of the writers who have filled the *Saturday Review* with their little moral saws, or have crammed the *Cornhill Magazine* with ethical padding, has been trying to do with more or less success the very thing in which Johnson—in conversation, at least—excelled the teachers both of his own time and of ours. There is hardly a page of Boswell's reports of the talk in which Johnson delighted that is not crammed with remarks which would make the fortune of any essayist who

* 'Samuel Johnson.' By Leslie Stephen. London: Macmillan & Co.; New York: Harper & Bros. 1878.

Doctor Johnson, his Friends and his Critics. By S. B. HILL, D.C.L. London: Smith, Elder & Co. 1878.

could now produce them as his own. From the 'Lives of the Poets' may be cut out whole pages from which you might make "padding" for which the editor of any English magazine would now pay more guineas than Johnson received shillings. The age, in short, is a time in which men once more turn their thoughts away from abstract speculation towards the moral questions of every-day life, and in which, therefore, the greatest practical moralist who has ever written or talked in English receives his full and more than his full meed of sympathetic admiration.

RECENT NOVELS.*

APPLETON'S "Handy-Volume Series" goes on prosperously as to material. 'Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds' is a lively little story, with a good plot and an unexpected turn at the end, which does credit to Mr. Hawthorne's ingenuity. 'Antoinette' is the story of a girl's passionate freaks, which come near to ruin her life, and in this story also the interest is maintained to the end. 'Liquidated,' by Rudolph Lindau, has a certain hard actuality about it which makes one sure that it is founded on fact. Though not directly expressed, there is a shadow of Nemesis over the story of the prosperous men who, having already attained much, planned so confidently for the future, and, though hardly to be called presumptuous, seem to pay the penalty of what the ancients deemed presumption. 'The Seer' is the story of a young Russian whose life is poisoned by his possession of a form of second sight. The not uncommon habit of evolving from a young face the same face when old, and the foreboding of early death for those whose faces cannot be put through this process, is carried much farther by Stacovitch, and becomes a fatal gift. These little books have one marked advantage—there is no room for padding. This is an enormous relief. Writers who could accomplish a clever trifle are ruined by the Procrustean necessity of filling a certain space, and we think the "genus irritabile" owe something to Mr. Appleton for his suggestion of variety in form.

'Sibyl Spence' has a wholesome, old-fashioned atmosphere about it. It is well in these days to be reminded of the material and the influences that built up the country, and this book gives a sense of the steady resolves and the severe sacrifices that were needed to win freedom. An attractive sketch of General Brown and an imaginative outline of the high-toned Federalist gentleman, a very well drawn Yankee private, and a deacon who is quite unlike Mrs. Stowe's deacons, furnish some of the material for the story, which is free from anachronisms (so far as we have observed), and of its kind good.

In 'A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town' Mr. Robert Lowell has published three graceful and excellent tales, in which he has chosen his material from the rich but in our days little-used store of old Dutch life in New York. The first of them, Abram Van Zandt, reminds one of Hawthorne by its subject, and is the account of the hallucination of an old baker who had received in part payment of a debt a picture by Van der Velde, of the value of which he was ignorant, but in one corner of it was a figure which was an exact portrait of the old baker, who became possessed by the idea that the man in the picture was really himself; that, like Pythagoras, he had come into the world again, and that he was destined to live the same life he had led before, and die by hanging himself. The description of the gradually increasing hold of this fancy over his mind, until he became practically insane, and was in danger of executing what he conceived to be his fate, is very graphically told, and by the way we get charming glimpses of homely, human life, and many characteristic sketches. The second tale is of the marriage and widowhood of Mr. Schermerhorn, and is the longest and most powerful, as it is also the most pathetic, giving, indeed, too much unrelieved pain of sympathy. The last tale is a sketch of social life in the earlier days of the colony, and many readers, we fear, will find the old Dutch much more exasperating than any of the Scotch dialect ever was, although the author frequently translates it for the benefit of those who do not know enough German to guess at the meaning. All are excellent in workmanship, simple and direct pictures of humble life, represented with strength and tenderness, and the author by his "Foreword" and "Farewell" speaks to his readers like a friend.

To enjoy 'The White Horse of Wooton' one must feel a considerable

* Appleton's New Handy-Volume Series: 1. 'Mrs. Gainsborough's Diamonds. By Julian Hawthorne.' 2. 'Antoinette. By André Theuriet.' 3. 'Liquidated; The Seer. By Rudolph Lindau.' New York: D. Appleton & Co.

'Sibyl Spence.' By James Kent. New York: G. P. Putnam's Sons.

'A Story or Two from an Old Dutch Town.' By Robert Lowell. Boston: Roberts Bros. 1878.

'The White Horse of Wooton: A Story of Love, Sport, and Adventure in the Midland Counties of England and on the Frontier of America. By Chas. J. Foster.' Philadelphia: Porter & Coates. 1878.

interest in the turf, for it is full of horses' genealogies, races of all sorts, praises of good riding, and like matters. Gypsies, Indians, Western frontiersmen, and various scoundrels give it the sort of adventure which harmonizes with its main subject, but the truthfulness of the delineation of jockey squires and noblemen, as well as that of the noble Cheyennes, appears to us doubtful, although we have no great acquaintance with either class. Its descriptions of prairie scenery are powerful, but it is to be classed rather as a boy's book than as a novel.

'In Paradise' is a somewhat misleading title to English ears, and even a hardened novel-reader feels a slight disappointment in finding that it means no past or future "golden year," but a sort of tavern with adjuncts of beer-garden, dancing-hall, etc., in the suburbs of Munich. The story is a recital of the fortunes and misfortunes, hopes, failures, and successes, of a knot of German artists: and woven in with their personal adventures is much theorizing as to love and marriage, and the greater freedom which should be conceded to sincere sentiments. We will try to follow one thread of this web. Herr Jansen, a sculptor who conceives and executes ideal figures, but who makes his living by the perpetual manufacture of little painted and gilded figures of saints, opens the book with a sitting in his studio from a little red-haired girl known as "Red Zenz," when he receives a visit from a most intimate friend, Felix von Weiblingen. They have not met for ten years or so, and Felix recounts "the history of his heart" while the model is waiting. An engagement broken by the lady on account of wrongdoing on his part is the amount of the history, and then the two gentlemen go together to the Pinakothek, where they meet their friends, also artists, and see a beautiful stranger. One of the company, an eccentric old maid, called Angelica, follows the lady home, and implores her to sit to her for her portrait. The lady consents, and as Angelica's studio is in the same building with Jansen's, the necessary proximity is established. Jansen meets the beauty, Julie S., at Angelica's studio, falls in love with her, and, in the midst of its fervent expression, suddenly tears himself from her, hoarsely calls himself an unhappy wretch, and rushes away. Presently Julie receives an anonymous letter, telling her that Jansen has a wife and child living. She sends for Jansen to come to her. He tells the story of his having married an actress, who proved a most profligate woman, with whom, after much torture, he refuses to live, and he takes their child to live under his care. Julie listens to all this, and then tells him that it shall make no difference, that there must be a year's engagement under conditions which she fixes, that she should like to make his child's acquaintance, and that she will marry him without reference to his other wife. In the course of the appointed year Jansen's wife makes an attempt to steal the child. There is a most intricate scene at a masquerade, which is hopeless to disentangle. Jansen's dog is stabbed, as is implied, by his wife's contrivance; Julie rescues the child; and after the revelation by Felix of a disgusting adventure (which has been the cause of breaking his engagement), Julie invites Jansen to pass the evening with her. When he arrives he finds his friends among the guests and sundry festal preparations. Julie, in a white dress, leads him into the middle of the room, and with a short speech, partly addressed to the company and partly to Jansen, marries him to herself, and after supper they set off for Italy. We have here traced out this story because it is rather the central affair of the book; but other affairs are manifold. In fact, we believe all the gentlemen have either intricate love-affairs which are carried to completion, or they discover among the personages of the book their illegitimate children, whom they publicly adopt and make much of. There is a good deal of criticism on acting and on painting. In fact, we suspect the book is partly intended as a sort of modern 'Wilhelm Meister,' to which it has one striking likeness—the complete discharge of the moral element from the atmosphere.

We are not sure but that almost enough has been said about Henry Gréville's books. There seem no dissentient voices in the chorus of praise and we have only to be thankful for the rapid succession of stories, each good in its own way. If any of Madame Durand's readers have found her stories too uniformly cheerful we recommend to them 'Savoli's Expiation.' It is a true tragedy. Not an element is wanting. There is the insolent tyrant, provoker to wrath—the incarnation of irresponsible power; then the growing intolerance of wrong that rouses the oppressed to meet crime with crime; then the slow, inevitable process whereby the consequences of crime reach the criminal, and the innocent

* In Paradise. From the German of Paul Heyse.' 2 vols. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

'Savoli's Expiation.' 'Sonia.' Translated from the French of Henry Gréville by Mary Neal Sherwood. Philadelphia: T. B. Peterson & Brothers.

suffer for the guilty. It is complete, and rouses in us a lively curiosity to know whether the story is a record of facts or a construction by the author. 'Sonia' is not as interesting as 'Savil's Expiation,' but is a pleasanter book, with due variety in the characters, and a plot whose slight improbabilities do not interfere with its interest. 'Les Koumiassines' is the story of a high Russian family, with a light-headed and light-hearted master; a domineering, prejudiced, well-intending mistress; a charming daughter, and an adopted niece, whose poverty and friendlessness leave her to be a victim to her aunt's tyrannies, until, when they are pushed too far, the girl's spirit rises, she frees herself, and the dénouement is all it should be. The young Countess Koumiassine is a charming creature, gay, loving, brave at need, and altogether fascinating. The only book of this series which we find objectionable is 'La Maison de Maurize.' There is a good deal that is clever in the book, and the false conditions of the society described are certainly to be counted in extenuation; but what conjunction of morality and immorality can be more offensive than where the intrigue of the neglected wife is, when on the brink of discovery, concealed by the devotion and self-sacrifice first of her grown-up son and then of their eighteen-year-old daughter, whose girlish fancy had led her toward her mother's lover! One has a moral revolt from such virtues which amounts to disgust. The scene of this story is laid in France and makes the reader desire rather a continuance of Russian stories.

Octave Feuillet, perhaps best known on this side of the Atlantic by the adaptation of his "Romance of a Poor Young Man," is known in France as the author of a dozen novels and a host of plays, including specimens of that peculiarly French branch of literature, "Scènes" and "Proverbes." It has been noticed as one feature of his stories that the reader has, in them, the advantage of moving in "cercles" that are, if not from a moral, certainly from a social point of view, of the most select. This marks him as belonging to a past generation. There is not only nothing in common, but much that is mutually repugnant between such a writer as Feuillet and the present realistic school of French novelists, who not only insist on painting life exactly as it is, but on looking at it from its most material side. In such a book as 'Le Journal d'une Femme,' though it touches on delicate ground, there is in the style a refinement and in the story an appreciation of the finer things in life that speaks of an older literary world; it is pervaded by an atmosphere of chivalry and honor that is becoming less and less common in French literature, because perhaps, a hostile critic might say, it is becoming less and less common in France. The characters in the story are few in number; the interest turns upon the fate and character of the woman who tells it. Charlotte d'Erra, a young girl, some three years after she leaves the convent at which she has been educated, is invited by her friend Cécile de Stèle to pay her a visit at the country-place of her relatives, the Louvercys, where are staying two young men, between whose conflicting pretensions to her hand she finds it impossible to decide. She insists on having her friend's advice as to which of the two MM. de Valnesse she shall marry. At the château are, however, two other gentlemen—Roger de Louvercy, Cécile's cousin, who has been in the army and is terribly disfigured by his wounds, and his friend, M. d'Eblis, who has for him a romantic attachment of no ordinary character. Roger has been rendered morbid, almost insane, by his disfigurement, and cares for nothing in life. M. d'Eblis is a grave, fatherly sort of man, but attractive. Charlotte is romantic and serious by nature, Cécile light and gay, though not exactly frivolous. Roger falls in love with Charlotte, while Charlotte and M. d'Eblis fall in love with each other, and Cécile falls in love with M. d'Eblis. The latter finds that he must choose between his friendship and his love, and, sacrificing his love, tries to persuade himself that he cares for Cécile, while he leaves Charlotte to marry Roger. Charlotte, who knows nothing of the reason for the apparent change in his feelings for her, is thunderstruck at the news of the engagement of M. d'Eblis and Cécile, and at length, feeling that her happiness is blighted, marries Roger, to whom she is a devoted and faithful wife to the end. It is needless to say that the other marriage turns out unhappily. M. d'Eblis does not love his wife, and she soon learns the fact, and plunges into the vortex of fashion for a relief which she does not find. The four friends meet again, when there is an *éclaircissement* between Charlotte and M. d'Eblis, and she learns for the first time the cause of the apparent transfer of his affections from herself to Cécile. She now endeavors to do what she can for her friends' happiness by trying to induce both her and her husband to live for each

other. But the task is hopeless. The unfortunate Cécile is doomed. Roger dies, and his widow receives from Cécile a letter which shows that the end has come, and is followed by the appearance of the writer in person, who has fled from her home. She commits suicide, and this event is immediately succeeded by the arrival of the husband. An ordinary novelist would now only end the tale in one way. Both obstacles are out of the way, and there is no reason why Charlotte and M. d'Eblis should not be married. But M. Feuillet is not an ordinary novelist. M. d'Eblis is a romantic man, and not knowing the cause of Cécile's flight and suicide feels that he has been wrong in his treatment of her, and that the best way of proving his profound regard for, and devotion to, Charlotte, and respect for the memory of her dead friend, is to refuse even to suggest a revival of their early attachment. The widow of Roger has it in her power to destroy his remorse for his treatment of Cécile by telling him of what really led to her death; but she also has too much nobility of soul to betray her friend's memory. Accordingly, the story ends by a parting which is final. It will be seen that there is very little incident in it. It is almost altogether a novel of sentiment; but, told with that amazing cleverness of which M. Feuillet is a master, the play of passion and feeling furnishes as much or more interest than the most exciting plot. We take it for granted that it will be translated, but it needs no ordinary hand to do it as it should be done.

Fac-similes of Thirty-three Etchings by Turner for the Plates of the Liber Studiorum, reproduced from copies in the possession of Mr. Ruskin and the Editor. (Cambridge: Edited and published by Charles Eliot Norton. 1878.)—There are some of our readers who themselves have made drawings of buildings, of boats and shipping, of vases and works of art, and even of landscape details, in a simple way, by means of pencil or pen lines covered with slight washes of color. It is a quick and easy process, by which the student preserves memoranda of facts, and the more accomplished artist his fleeting impressions. The line-work is not limited to mere "outline"; indeed, no person who is at work with any serious purpose knows what you mean by "outline," for the bounding line of the object, that which separates the surface it occupies on the paper or canvas from other surfaces, is of no greater importance or prominence than other lines within. Those which are the chief lines, the lines of essential form or character, are drawn with pencil or pen; a scratch or two here and there marks intense or abrupt shade or shadow; then the tint of sepia or india-ink or color is put on, and its gradation is more or less subtle and refined as the workman is more or less skilful and more or less careful—but, in general, the white paper is left untouched for the highest light. This way of work is simple and within reach of moderate skill, but also it is capable of considerable development, and some excellent water-color work has come of carrying it out to a legitimate result.

The landscape and architectural designs of Turner's 'Liber Studiorum' are conceived on a similar plan. Most of the more prominent parts of the composition are drawn in firm and decided lines, and then the whole picture is drawn over and about them in very delicate and elaborate gradations of warm brown; the strong lines showing through the tint-work, and the deepest shades being expressed by means of them, while the highest lights are simply untouched white paper. The processes used are two. First the line-work, which would be done with pencil or pen on paper, is done on the copper by the etching-needle and the acid bath. That is to say, the artist has made an etching of the strong lines of his composition, not seeking to make this etching a complete design in itself, but frankly leaving out all that part of the future picture for which strong lines were not needed. A few prints were taken from the copper-plates while they still remained in this condition, with only the etched lines upon them. The second process is the familiar and especially English art of mezzotint: the whole surface of the copper is roughened with a roller made for the purpose, so that it would print off a solid dark tint if inked and applied to paper, and then this roughened surface is lowered and scraped and smoothed more or less, the lightest parts being so much lowered that they make no impression whatever upon the paper, which accordingly remains white where they come. When a print is taken from such a finished plate, in some brown tint, as is always the case in the series we are considering, the picture generally is seen in delicate gradations without any lines whatever; clouds, for instance, and distant white sails being expressed wholly by the gradations of the mezzotint (or by *aquatint*, which it is not necessary to dwell upon at present), while the serrated edges or gullied flanks of mountains, and the firm lines needed to express architectural forms, are seen amid the gradations of

shade, and reinforce and explain them. The result is so excellent that it is rather surprising (as Mr. Hamerton has said) that so little has been done in the same way. One of the first of living etchers, Mr. Francis Seymour Haden, has undertaken a similar task, and on a very large scale. Some of our readers have seen and enjoyed his huge etching of Calais Pier, of which only one hundred copies have been published: the plate is now in the hands of the engraver, and will come out an elaborate mezzotint, the etching being only the preliminary state.

Now, it is just this preliminary state of some of the 'Liber Studiorum' prints which is reproduced in the work whose title is given above. A few copies, as has been said, were printed from each plate before the mezzotint was applied to it; of these few copies some are very feeble and poor, probably because no great care was taken in printing them. But Mr. Norton and Mr. Ruskin have brought together fine and clear impressions of thirty-three out of the ninety, published and unpublished, and very good heliotype reproductions of them have been made by a Boston house, which, together with a brief descriptive and critical comment by Mr. Norton, constitute the publication. These prints are not finished pictures, nor even finished line-drawings; their chief value is in containing so much of the essential lines of mountain-form and of tree-growth and of ships and boats. It would be difficult to find elsewhere such consummate knowledge and insight set down so skilfully. As lessons in landscape-drawing and in judging of landscape art, their value is hard to overestimate. Every person who seriously inclines to the study of landscape, practically or critically, should become familiar with them, so much is given in so little. It is, we think, to be regretted that Mr. Norton has not given a fuller description and analysis of the prints. The reader is referred, however, to the catalogue of the whole work, prepared by the same editor some three years ago: and that catalogue again refers to Mr. Ruskin's works for fuller discussion. But what one would like to have is Mr. Norton's critical analysis of the whole set of seventy-one published and some twenty unpublished plates, with especial reference to the etchings, and to the thirty-three plates of which the etchings are given in this publication.

The Ceramic Art. A Compendium of the History and Manufacture of Pottery and Porcelain. By Jennie J. Young. With 464 illustrations. (New York: Harper & Bros. 1873.)—Nearly a year ago (*Nation*, No. 651) we had occasion to notice in one article a whole shelf-full of books on pottery and porcelain. If the book named above had been among them it would have been easy to compare it with others, and, in little space, to convey to our readers an idea of its character and of the place it fills in the technical library of the collector or student. For it is hard to keep the run of the numerous books on ceramics that come into the market, French, English, and Yankee, now that the passion for collecting ceramics has spread beyond a small circle of wealthy people or professed lovers of decorative art, and has become common to half the community. But there is one thing in which our authoress can claim decided originality: everybody will be able to recognize her book as the one work on the subject which has nothing whatever to do with "marks." In the preface a few sensible words give the reasons for this startling novelty. Our need of a really complete, or approximately complete, manual of marks on pottery, a work which shall contain the explorations and conclusions of a lifetime, and which shall be about equally good in all departments, remains as decided as we thought it a year ago; but until that thorough book shall be got ready we can well dispense with any more slight partial treatises, and it is to be hoped that Miss Young's commendable boldness will not interfere with the sale of her book. Of the many wood-cuts some are evidently not original, but belonging to other books on kindred subjects issued by the same publishers; the majority are, we think, expressly made for this book, and many of them are very good. It is decidedly novel and interesting that so many of them are made from vases and bowls and dishes in the possession of American collectors. To a certain extent Mr. Elliott's book, reviewed in the *Nation* last year, was illustrated in the same way, and Mr. Prime's well-known treatise, which also came under our notice at that time, gives a few pictures from the Trumbull-Prime and other American cabinets; but in Miss Young's book the greater number seem to be taken direct from the museums of Boston and New York and from the collections of well-known citizens of those cities. The owner's name is given in full in all these cases, which makes it the more noticeable that the pictures drawn from European books on the subject are not generally credited to their sources.

The book itself is a very readable and interesting essay rather than a hand-book for ready reference; or, with greater accuracy, it is a collection of essays, of which those on Chinese wares, on Japanese pottery and porcelain, and on the factories and fabrications of the United States, contain a great deal that is original, and are fresh and entertaining and instructive. American collectors have always taken to the art-manufactures of the extreme Orient, and have done well in this, both because of the surpassing interest and value of these wares in the most important respect (for no European work except that of Italy at the time of the Renaissance can compare with them for artistic value), and because we have here a so much better opportunity to see them in quantity and to purchase with discrimination. And as for the American potters and potteries, we know of no such paper on that interesting subject anywhere else, so that, unless serious errors should be found in it, it will stand as a very important feature of the book. In short, while this prettily printed and prettily illustrated octavo is neither a complete history nor a thorough treatise, and does not appear to be the work of a trained student of the subject, it is worthy of a place on the shelves even of a connoisseur.

The Parks and Gardens of Paris. Considered in relation to the Wants of other Cities and of Public and Private Gardens. Being Notes on a Study of Paris Gardens, by W. Robinson, F.L.S. Second edition revised, seventh thousand. Illustrated. (London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1878.)—The original work of Mr. Robinson on the Parks of Paris was the first and most important of a series which have contributed a great deal to popularize art in gardening. In his eagerness to attack certain entrenchments of vulgarity and bad taste, the author sometimes advances notions which represent incomplete study and have even a viciousness of their own. But if in this respect he manifests the characteristic precipitancy and presumption, in others he shows the sincerity, ardor, and eloquence, of a true reformer, and it must be conceded that no man's work in our time has done more to advance the standard of criticism in his chosen field. The second edition presents valuable revisions of the original text, and so large an amount of wholly new matter that it may be questioned whether it might not more justly have been published in a small volume as a supplement to the first. Half of it is given to fruit-culture and market-gardening, and in these departments the latest advances of French horticulture are admirably described. There is a large addition to the engravings of the first edition and a marked improvement in their quality.

Concerning the recent progress of the gardening works of Paris, Mr. Robinson observes:

"Many people are apt to connect city improvements with autocratic government. One has only to speak of our backwardness to be reminded that it is all owing to our not being blessed with a Napoleon. The best comment upon such a suggestion is that since the establishment of the Republic in France improvements calculated to produce the best effects on the beauty and salubrity of Paris have been carried out more vigorously than before, with this difference—that they are done more economically."

For us this statement will be more complete if the fact is added that through all the vicissitudes of the war, the Commune, and the Republic, the organization of the force by which the works referred to have been carried on has remained essentially unbroken, the only important changes occurring in the large corps employed being the results of death, resignation, or promotion. M. Alphand, the chief executive officer in charge under M. Haussmann, was, because of the merit of certain provincial works which he had controlled, first brought to Paris by Napoleon III. Instead of being driven out of office with his patron, he has only been advanced by the several succeeding administrations to higher, more secure, and better paid positions. The gain in economy to which Mr. Robinson refers is the result, however, not only of the larger experience and closer study of the chief and his immediate staff, but of the steady, continued enforcement of good discipline and thorough drill in the entire force. Of the first year's work in the transplanting of large trees scarcely one-half flourished. Since then there has been a constant improvement, partly because of the gain in skill of the officers, but mainly because their instructions are carried out with more painstaking exactness. Of recent large plantings scarcely one tree in a hundred fails. So firmly is the reverse of our American policy established in the minds of French republicans that a considerable part of the work at the municipal propagating establishment of La Muette, which ordinarily sends out a million plants a year, is done by young men who at first receive no pay, and whose wages afterward are regulated by the character for skill and

industry which they attain. They are not only assiduously instructed and practised in manual operations, but lectures are given to them by the officers of the corps, and a library of horticultural works is maintained for their benefit.

Mr. Robinson's impatience with the occasional rude work of the engineer and the impertinent work of the architect and florist, which is so often presented in bold discord with the general landscape design of the French parks, and his explanation of the manner in which it has occurred, is natural and just, and by itself would not need the slight apology offered in his introduction. It would, however, have greater weight with the ordinary reader if the policy of holding some one capable director responsible for the strict subordination of all the details of every park to a comprehensive, leading purpose, and protecting this responsibility from intruders of other professions, had his consistent advocacy. Unfortunately, in dealing with gardens, the leading purpose of which should be the advancement of science, he takes quite other grounds.

It is perhaps to be regretted that both at Kew and at Paris it has been undertaken, not simply to open the national botanic gardens as museums, libraries, and laboratories of science may properly be opened to the public, under regulations guarding their main purpose, but to combine with that purpose another wholly distinct—namely, that simply of recreation. But this policy was established long ago, and much now found in the gardens is either inherited or adapted to inheritances from the last century. To complain that the present grounds are not as pleasant as possible; that they do not render the scientific service that they otherwise might; that they are not laid out and planted in accordance with the principles of landscape gardening; that the public is not allowed to use them as freely as it is allowed to use the parks, and to heap all the blame which can thus be accumulated upon their present management, is plainly absurd. There could not be a worse way out of the muddle into which, through ambiguity of purpose, they have drifted, than that of balancing the advice of landscape-gardeners, florists, editors, and owners of lands and buildings adjoining the gardens against that of their world-revered, responsible scientific directors. The legislative mind being everywhere prone to such a course in dealing with questions of art and science, it must be said that if Mr. Robinson is, as we believe, a man of too liberal mind to advocate it intentionally, his observations on the subject are unguarded and likely sadly to mislead many readers.

Nevertheless the book must be heartily praised, and as this second edition will, from its price, otherwise fail to be seen by many of those who most need to be instructed by it, we particularly recommend it to public libraries.

Die Vereinigten Staaten von Nord-Amerika. Von Dr. Friedrich Ratzel, Professor der Erdkunde an der technischen Hochschule zu München. Erster Band. Physikalische Geographie und Naturcharakter. Mit 12 Holzschnitten und 5 Karten in Farbendruck. (München: R. Oldenbourg; New York: B. Westermann & Co. 1878. Royal 8vo, pp. xv. 667.)—This is a beautiful volume, well printed, with large, clear type, on fine paper, and with neatly-executed maps. Altogether it is a good piece of work, and one which will be useful to Americans as well as to Germans and others who are in the habit of adding to their stock of knowledge through the medium of the German language. There is no such book in English, nor is there likely to be, for—and it is not agreeable to have to say it—no publisher in this country would be willing to take the responsibility of issuing a work like this, which is not a school-book, and not one that is likely to be read by the general public. There have been published in this country memoirs on some of the special subjects embraced in Dr. Ratzel's book, mostly issued by the Smithsonian Institution, or in the form of official State and United States documents; but there is no one work in English in which the most important facts appertaining to our general and physical geography are brought together. This is a kind of labor in which the Germans excel, and the work before us is certainly a fine specimen of the kind. It is not entirely free from errors, and this is hardly to be expected; but it is surprising with what skill Dr. Ratzel has worked out the main facts from the enormous mass of material he has been obliged to overhaul in the preparation of a volume which professes to give the reader a pretty complete synopsis of the physical features and climatology of an area of between three and four millions of square miles. The author appears to have prepared himself for the task by two or more years of travel in this country as a "special correspondent" of the Cologne *Gazette*, and he was aided and encouraged by Dr. Moritz Wagner, the veteran traveller, whose researches have extended

to every quarter of the globe, and who is especially and most favorably known in this country by his investigations in Central America.

Dr. Ratzel's work is divided into two parts, the first of which is called general; the second, descriptive. The latter portion is of much the least importance, being a series of thirty word-pictures of American scenery, with such titles as these: "Autumnal Coloring of the American Landscape"; "The Pine Barrens"; "Niagara"; "The Yosemite Valley," etc. This part, however, occupies only a little more than 200 of the 697 pages which the volume contains. In these descriptive sketches Dr. Ratzel gives us the impressions made on his own mind by some of the prominent scenic features of the country, quoting freely at the same time from American authors, such as Fenimore Cooper, Thoreau, and Wilson Flagg.

The most valuable part of Dr. Ratzel's volume is the so-called "Allgemeine Theil," divided into seven sections, as follows: I. Boundaries and Outline; II. Geological Structure; III. Topography (*Oberflächengestaltung*); IV. Rivers and Lakes; V. Climate; VI. Flora; VII. Fauna. Of these sections the geological is decidedly the weakest, as also luckily the shortest. A reduced copy of the geological map of the United States given in Walker's Statistical Atlas accompanies this chapter. Apropos of this map, it may be said that while the breadth of the geological features of the eastern half of our territory allows some idea of the distribution of the formations to be given on even quite a small scale, the complication of the structure in the region west of the 104th meridian entirely forbids this, so that all the general geological maps of the United States yet published are entirely worthless so far as their western half is concerned. Dr. Ratzel is led into some serious errors in regard to the geology of the country; as, for instance, when he speaks (page 285) of the petroleum of Western Pennsylvania being found in synclinal basins, and of its being sought for with success especially in regions where the strata are much disturbed. For such statements as these: that the currents of the glacial epoch ran through the Mammoth Cave (page 286), and that the Dalles of the Columbia River were formed by the slipping down of the overhanging cliffs (page 297), the authors quoted are responsible. In regard to sections iii. to vii. of this division of Dr. Ratzel's book we have no words but those of praise, since they seem to have been compiled from the best authorities with the utmost care and with a clear understanding of the nature of the problems involved. The chapter on climate offers decidedly the best *résumé* of the subject which has yet been furnished. Entire freedom from errors is not, of course, to be expected, and there are points in regard to which legitimate differences of opinion exist, so that some persons might side with Dr. Ratzel's views and others not; while there are also questions not yet settled for want of the necessary data. In such cases completed statements or undisputed theoretical conclusions should not be looked for.

Dr. Ratzel proposes to supplement his volume by issuing another, to be devoted to the political and social characteristics of our country, with full statistics of all matters therewith connected. This will be a difficult task—decidedly more so than the one completed in the volume already issued. We wish the author all success in it.

Neuhebräisches und chaldäisches Wörterbuch über die Talmudim und Midraschim. Von Rabbiner Dr. J. Levy. Nebst Beiträgen von Professor Dr. H. L. Fleischer. Instalments I.-IX. (Vol. I. and part of Vol. II.) (Leipsic. 1875-8.)—Let the reader imagine the English language to embrace, in proportion to its stock of common words derived from the Anglo-Saxon or Norman-French, three times as many words as it really contains, of the following character: *abatis, abbé, abele, abracadabra, absissa, acatalectic, acclivous, adagio, adiaphora, adobe, adscititious, adile, avon, alexipharmic, alibi, allegro, amphibology, andante, à propos, etc.*; let him imagine it to swarm with such legal terms as *cestuy que trust, cestuy que use, chose in action, quo warranto, replevin, or seizin*, and to include a vast number of words and names the reading and value of which are still matters of conjecture; let him imagine that an etymological dictionary of such a language is to be compiled, after a few very incomplete and imperfect models, from a large number of exceedingly obscure books, without order or index, and teeming with inaccuracies; let him imagine all this, and he may have an approximate idea of what it means to compose an etymological lexicon of that compound of Hebrew, Chaldee, Syriac, and strange derivatives from the Arabic, Persian, Greek, Latin, and other tongues, which forms the idiom of the Talmud and Midrash.

We cannot but admit the energy and diligence with which Dr. J.

Levy is proceeding in the execution of this extraordinary task, and we cannot but acknowledge that every student and friend of the post-Biblical literature of the Jews will owe him a debt of gratitude. What renders his task easier is, in the first place, his own former lexicographical achievement, the "Dictionary of the Targumim" (2 vols., 1867-8), and, in the second, the co-operation, by way of supplementary correction, of one of the greatest orientalists of this century, Dr. Fleischer. The *Nachträge* of the latter appear at the end of each two or three letters, and, although very often plainly overthrowing the statements of the main text, are given without any further remark on the points in question, as embodying philological decisions from which there is no appeal. This supplementary work of Dr. Fleischer is of a very high order, and it renders a critique of the lexicon almost superfluous. The acknowledgment he bestows on it by his revision is sufficient to mark it as an attempt worthy of the subject, and the many hundreds of corrections which he introduces show how far the execution is from being entirely satisfactory. That Dr. Fleischer has not minutely examined every doubtful point, and not exhausted the work of emendation which the book required, need hardly be stated.

Dr. Levy's dictionary is rendered doubly instructive by its copious and often extensive quotations from the books which it is to explain as a vocabulary. He dives into "the sea of the Talmud" and gathers flowers from the "blooming fields" of the Midrash, to use the words of the preface, with the fondness of a devotee. And though he cannot avoid bringing up pebbles with pearls, and picking straw with violets, the collections obtained are valuable. The proper names chiefly contain much that is curious or interesting, both in quotations and statements by the author. Thus, under "Iyyob" ("Job"), we find such varied Talmudical statements as "Job lived in the time of Moses"; "Job lived in the time of Abraham"; "Job lived in the time of Jacob, whose daughter Dinah was his wife"; "Job never existed, he is a fiction"; "Job said to the Lord, Perhaps, a tempest passing before thee, thou mistookest Iyyob for Oyeb (enemy)," and the Lord answered, "I never mistake one hair-pit for another, and should I mistake Iyyob for Oyeb?" Under "Hillel," among many statements of interest, we read that bold enunciation of one of the younger rabbis of that name: "There is no Messiah (to be expected) for Israel; the Messiah was eaten up (the prophecies concerning him were fulfilled) in the time of Hezekiah." Too much space is often occupied by such extracts, which are given both in the original and in translation, with explanatory insertions; and to this waste of space is probably owing a part of the hundreds of abbreviations of titles and single words, which, together with the author's rather slovenly way of constructing and punctuating his sentences, renders the reading of almost every paragraph in the book a difficult task to all but those fully familiar with the literature and the idioms to which it is devoted. Dilettanti in Semitic studies will do well to leave it alone. Hebraists and libraries for the learned cannot afford to be without it.

Lectures on Mediæval Church History. Being the substance of lectures delivered at Queen's College, London. By Richard Chenevix Trench, D.D., Archbishop of Dublin. (New York: Charles Scribner's Sons. 1878. 8vo, pp. 444.)—These lectures were delivered several years ago to a class of girls in London, but are published now with considerable alterations, such as the advance of knowledge and the changes in the estimate of persons and things seemed to require. The treatment is therefore popular, but the author protests in his preface against any notion that it is necessary "to break the bread of knowledge smaller for young women than for young men." It is popular in the sense that it is intended not for special students in what is in reality almost a professional branch of study, but for general readers—those who desire to know something of the history of the Church in order better to understand the contemporary events of secular history.

For this class we do not know of any other book that does this work so well. Not that it might not be done better. The author is not remarkable either for power of statement or the historical sense; he is sometimes prosy, sometimes lacks point; but, without being a distinguished authority in this field, he still possesses sufficient scholarship, he has good sense and good judgment, and has put together in a compendious and agreeable form what it is most desirable that general readers should know upon this subject. The work is very well laid out, the twenty-nine lectures being topical rather than chronological; following, of course, chronological sequence in the main, but not so precisely but that the lecture upon Wyclif follows that upon the Councils, and that upon the German Mystics comes still later. The opening lectures are the

least satisfactory. They are general in their nature, and the author's strength does not lie in broad general views, but rather in the treatment of individual topics and characters. Even here, however, there is a certain vagueness and want of particularity which often impairs the effectiveness of treatment. We are told about things rather than shown them. Thus, in Lecture II. ("The Middle Ages Beginning") much is said of Gregory the Great as being a great statesman and organizer, and the real founder of the papal power. The fact is a familiar and important one; but what the reader wants to know is, What did Gregory do that made his pontificate such an epoch in the history of the Church and the world? And to this we find no clear answer: the man and his work are not made distinct to us. With later characters—Innocent III., for example—this defect is less felt: much of the work is indeed wholly free from it, and some passages strongly marked by the opposite excellence. A good example of a narrative made effective by well-chosen detail is found in the account of the Iconoclastic controversy; when we are told (p. 93) that these images "were not sculptures or statues, for these the Greek Church has never allowed, but colored portraiture on a plane surface, or, more rarely, mosaics," we have a kind of statement which lends vividness to the story and tells us something worth knowing.

The class of topics handled best are the theological ones—the lectures upon philosophical systems and controversies; and next to these, those which treat of the great period of the papacy in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries. The judgment passed upon the papacy in its glory is just and discriminating; the author does full justice to the genius and the lofty character of men like Gregory VII. and Innocent III., while insisting upon the falseness of their position and what was false in their aims. But he is not so ready to see any limitations in the greatness and single-mindedness of St. Boniface, attributing the recent German criticisms upon the spirit and methods of this missionary to some "other interests than those of historic truth" (p. 69).

Besides the lack of point, which we find to be his principal fault, there is here and there a lack of exactness in expression, as in the statement (p. 20) that "the Asiatic cities, such as Antioch and Ephesus, . . . had been thoroughly hellenized—this was one of the fruits of Alexander's conquests." Now, the fact in question is an important one, but the illustrations are unfortunately chosen, for Antioch and Ephesus were not "hellenized," but hellenic from the start; and Antioch did not exist until some time after Alexander. On page 17 the date of Gregory VII. is given as 1050 instead of 1073. On page 355 Eckart is put three hundred years after Erigena instead of five hundred. On the whole these lectures may be recommended as giving the general reader an accurate, compendious, and interesting sketch of their subject.

Wordsworth. A Biographic, Esthetic Study. By George H. Calvert. (Boston: Lee & Shepard. 1878.)—We fear that Wordsworth's works are now read with thoroughness by very few among the younger generation, and that they are yearly contracting into the narrow compass of "selected poems." The reaction against him is violent enough to need all the countervailing influences his admirers can bring to bear. In this view Mr. Calvert's eulogy is a welcome book, for it shows how strongly the poet has won the admiration of some; and although the little volume does not biographically make plain the human life of Wordsworth and his friends with any vividness of portraiture, and although it does not, aesthetically, make clear the specific qualities for which Wordsworth is admirable, nor the portions of his work which they make valuable, still one who knows nothing of Wordsworth will get from the book some idea of the places he lived in, the journeys he made, and the sources of his income; and one who knows nothing of his works will find some of the finest lines and stanzas quoted by the way. The style is somewhat turgid, labored, and inexact, of which a good example is the description of Homer as "the dear, sensuous, gigantic, luminous, young pagan." On the whole, the book is not to be commended except as an attempt to restore to Wordsworth his rightful place in literature, to interest readers in him, and possibly get them to read for themselves.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers.—Prices.
Bell (J. D.), <i>The Great Slighted Fortune</i>	(T. Y. Crowell) \$1 50
Black (W.), <i>Macleod of Dare: a Tale</i>	(Harper & Bros.) 1 50
Blunt (Rev. J. H.), <i>The Annotated Bible: Genesis to Esther</i>	(Rivingtons)
Boswell (J.), <i>Life of Samuel Johnson, abridged</i>	(Henry Holt & Co.) 2 00
Coates (H. T.), <i>Fireside Encyclopedia of Poetry</i>	(Porter & Coates) 5 00
Confessions of St. Augustine.....	(Rivingtons)
Draper (Dr. J. W.), <i>Scientific Memoirs</i>	(Harper & Bros.)
Duffield (Mrs. W.), <i>Art of Flower-Painting</i>	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 50

Falke (J. von), <i>Art in the House</i>	(L. Prang & Co.) \$15.00
Fothergill (Jessie), <i>The First Violin</i>	(Henry Holt & Co.) 1.00
Fra Angelico.....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 50
Gondolfo (James and Dora L.), <i>Apple-Blossoms: Poems</i>	(G. P. Putnam's Sons) 1.25
Green (Anna K.), <i>The Leavenworth Case: a Tale</i>	" " 1.50
Leonardo da Vinci.....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 50
Miller (W. M.), <i>Stock-breeding</i>	(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Mother Goose's Melodies, Illustrated.....	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 3.00
Minister (U.), <i>Gospel Temperance Hymnal</i>	(A. S. Barnes & Co.) 50
Petit (A. V.), <i>How to Read</i>	(S. H. Wells & Co.) 1.00
Pinc (C.), <i>Practical Treatise on China Painting, with Album of Plates</i>	
Proctor (R. A.), <i>Pleasant Walk in Science</i>	(John Wiley & Sons) 1.50
Putnam (Rev. G.), <i>Sermous</i>	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 1.75
Rice (J.), <i>Select Poems</i>	(Lee & Shepard) \$1.50
Richardson (C. F.) and Clark (H. A.), <i>The College Book</i>	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 15.00
Shelley (P. B.), <i>Minor Poems</i>	(Little, Brown & Co.)
Shillaber (H. P.), <i>Ice Partington</i>	(Lee & Shepard) 1.25
Sprague (H. B.), <i>Six Selections from Irving's Sketch-book</i>	(Houghton & Heath)
Silton (Lydia), <i>swd</i>	" "
Theoret (A.), <i>Paynmonds: a Tale</i> , <i>swd</i>	(D. Appleton & Co.) 50
Toplady (A. M.), <i>Rock of Ages</i>	(Lee & Shepard) 1.50
Walford (E.), <i>Old and New London, Vol. 6 and last</i>	(Casell, Petter & Galpin)
Wheeler (H. N.), <i>Elements of Plane Trigonometry</i>	(Ginn & Heath)
Whitney (Mrs. A. D. T.), <i>Just How: a Key to the Co-Books</i>	
Wilson (A.), <i>Sketches of Animal Life and Habits</i>	(Houghton, Osgood & Co.) 1.00
Young (Jennie J.), <i>The Ceramic Art</i>	(Harper & Bros.)

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